

nineteen sixty-five **mirror**

N.S.C.D.S. OFFICE

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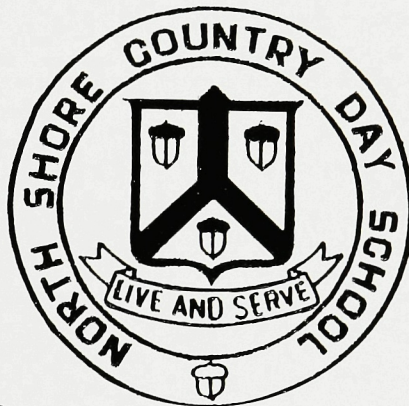
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Alexander Pope
Essay on Criticism

1665
no Teacher Honored.

MIRROR

1965



The North Shore Country Day School
Winnetka, Illinois

When I was a child,
I spake as a child,
I understood as a child,
I thought as a child:
but when I became a man
I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly;
but then face to face:
now I shall know in part;
but then shall I know
even as I am known.

I Corinthians 13:11,12

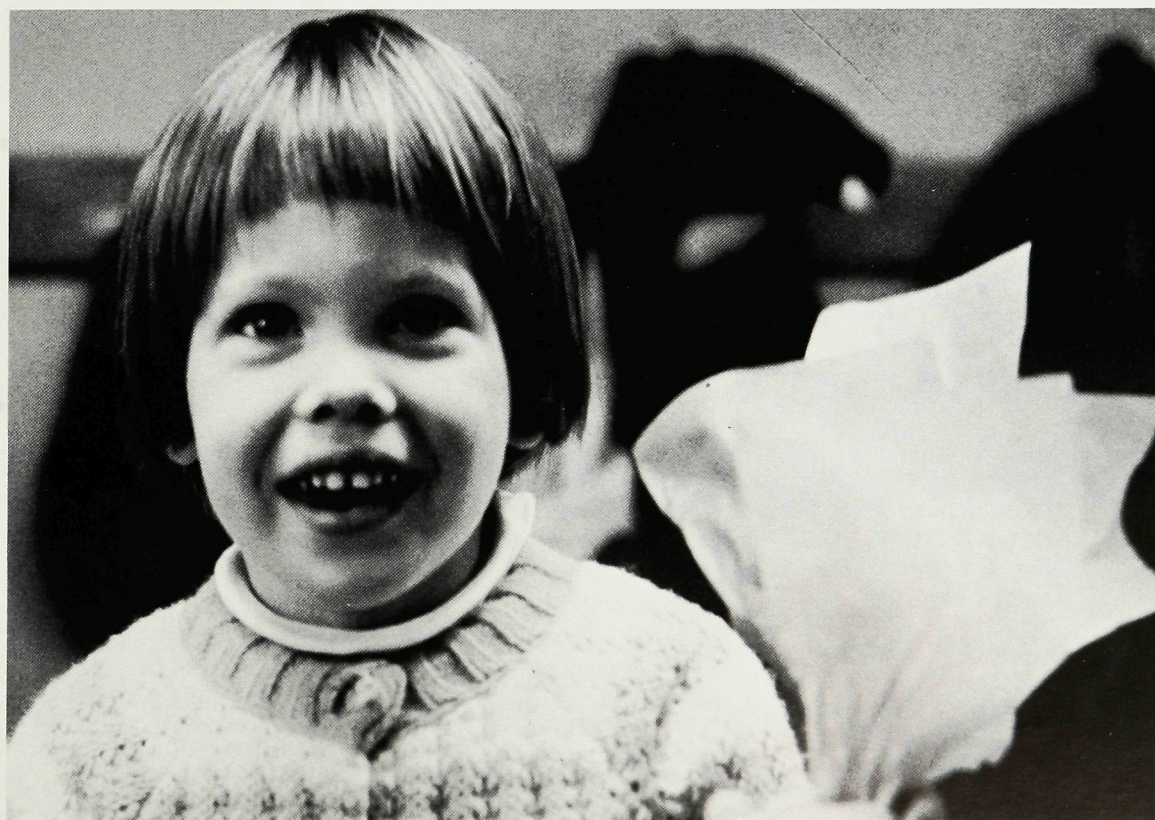
3-ans Capitate Dominos By J. Miller (For 6)

Handwritten musical score for 6 voices, titled "3-ans Capitate Dominos By J. Miller (For 6)". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the notes. The score is organized into two systems of five staves each. The first system contains staves 1 through 5, and the second system contains staves 6 through 10. The notation is dense, with many notes and rests, indicating a complex musical piece. The lyrics are written in a cursive script, and some words are underlined. The overall appearance is that of a handwritten manuscript.

3-ans Capitate Dominos By J. Miller (For 6)

Handwritten musical score for 6 voices, titled "3-ans Capitate Dominos By J. Miller (For 6)". This section continues the score from the previous page, containing staves 11 through 20. The notation and layout are consistent with the first section, featuring ten staves with treble clefs and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics continue below the staves, written in the same cursive script. The score concludes with a final double bar line on the last staff.







Junior Kindergarten

FRONT ROW: Jamie Isaacs, Cari Lunding, Carolyn Schwartz, Julie Voth, Martha Hale, Mrs. Damaske, Fax O'Riley, Alice Joseph.

SECOND ROW: Peter Sturgis, Michael Resnich, Marnie Lucas, Peter Wirtz, Miss Gawthrop, Jay Sudak, Elenor Smith, Greg Olsen, Shelia Fitzgerald, Tracy Louis.



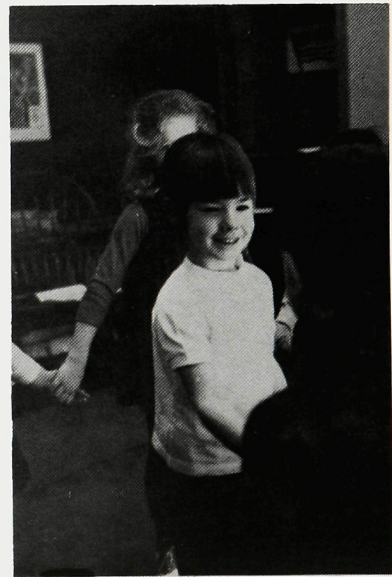
Senior Kindergarten

BOTTOM ROW: Tommy Wilson, Anne Hines, Margaret Anne Hills, Michael Lipman, Mark Esberger, Caroline Schnering.

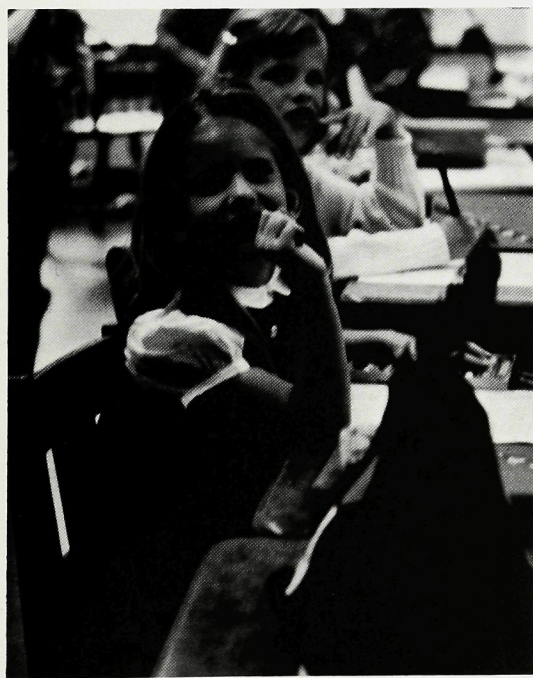
MIDDLE ROW: Danny Deuble, John Strauss, Susan Bransfield, Laura Eyles, Sarah Hoffman, Lawrence Teich.

TOP ROW: Laurie Gordon, Clint Mullins, Kenny Funk.











First Grade

FRONT ROW: Julie Cohen, Richard White, Laura Harza, Jimmy Deuble, Drew Blakeman.

SECOND ROW: Steve Roth, Timmy Porter, Gil Fitzgerald, Mike Russell, Nina Beisel, Karen Wartz, Cindy Targ, Jutie Sudak, Mrs. Conner, John Edwards, Susan Perkins, Karen Spencer, Gwen Jessen, Raymond Durham, Clinton O'Connor, Mrs. Grenzsbach.

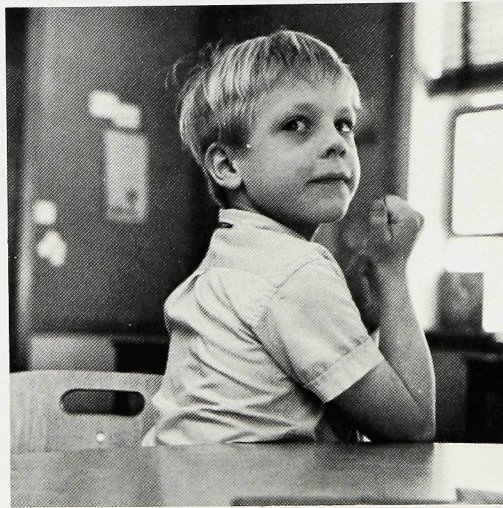
Second Grade

FRONT ROW: Kimberly Louis, Jodi Roberts, Timothy Ober, Clark Elliott, Jonathan Isaacs, Anne Ross, Philip Boal.

SECOND ROW: Victoria Joyce, Katherine Zeitlin, Sarah Hills.

THIRD ROW: Tom Abelmann, Michael Searle, Tracy Maynard, Lauren Leavitt, Elizabeth Springer, Theodore Ancell, Jimmie Damaske, Elizabeth Breuer, Miss Renoe, John Kowalik.





RIDDLES

I'm white and black.
I'm not a bear.
I'm not a cat.
What am I?

Katherine Zeitlin

I am black and white.
I live in a house.
I am not a boy or girl.
What am I?

Jonathan Isaacs

I am big.
I can fly.
I am hard to find.
What am I?

Tim Ober

I am big.
I wear shoes.
I have a mane.
What am I?

Jodi Roberts

I am brown and black and white.
I play music.
You see me every day.
What am I?

Kim Louis



THE CAT'S HAT

I once saw a cat
Who played with a hat.
The hat tumbled over
And covered the cat.

He scratched a hole
And tried to get out,
But he was too stout
And couldn't get out.

Along came the wind,
As strong as could be.
It blew the hat off him
So he could be free.

Oh! That little cat
Was as scared as could be,
So he ran in the yard
And climbed a tree.

The Second Grade



Answers:

1. A panda 2. A dog 3. A golden falcon 4. A
horse 5. A piano

TOMMY AND THE PRESENT

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Tommy. He didn't live alone, he didn't live with his grandfather, but he lived with his mother and father. It was Christmas morning. He was awake, but his mother and father were not. It was 9:00 when they woke up, but he got up at 5:30 on the dot. After they had breakfast they always went outside to see hoof prints. There were big ones, small ones, medium-sized ones, but not a single shrimpy one.

Then everybody went to the livingroom to open their presents. Tommy got a bicycle, a sweater, some science things, and a LIZARD. His father saw it and said, "What in the world is that?"

And Tommy said, "It's a lizard oh please, Dad, please can I keep him?"

"Oh, all right . . ." And so you see, he kept it forever.

Alida Milliken

Gold and purple, orange and blue
Shells of every shape and hue.
Salt and mist and spray and sand
Created by no human hand.

Tanya McKnight

THE BRONTOSAURUS

The Brontosaurus was 70 feet tall and weighed 35 tons. He was so big and had such a small brain he had another brain to move his tail and hind legs. It was really a nerve center. He was so dumb he did not think. Since he was so heavy he stayed in the swamps most of the time to stand up. They lived about 26,000,000 years ago. He was harmless and ate plants. He lived during the Jurassic period. The group of dinosaurs that he came from was called sauropods. They all ate plants. The only time they were on land was when they laid their eggs. When an enemy came he would go out deep in the water where the enemy couldn't go. He had the smallest brain of all vertebrates. He had peg-shaped teeth.

Ricky MacArthur

GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S WIFE

It was a cold, wintery day in Plymouth in 1620. The sky was a clear blue, and white frost lay over the ground and the half-built houses. The Mayflower sat calmly in the harbour. Guards were walking all around the ship. The Mayflower was empty. Governor Bradford and his men were on shore.

Governor Bradford was going to his wife's burial. He was very sad when his wife died. His wife died because an Indian fired an arrow at her and hit her. They caught the Indian that fired the arrow and killed him.

Mase Taylor

THE THREE WITCHES AND THEIR CATS

It is a dark, tricky night
And the father and mother
In spite of what their
Children might
Bring home tonight.
The three witches
Are flying around
And everybody is
Nice and sound.
Their cats are sly, so sly
And the ghosts are
Round.

Alida Milliken

AUTUMN LEAVES

The autumn leaves fall to the ground.
And when they fall, they make no sound.
In the fall the trees do shed
Leaves of colors: gold, brown and red.
Burning leaves smell good to me.
It's a sight I love to see.

Eddie Lifson

People walking through the snow
Wreck something lovely but
They don't know.
They make the snow fall to
The ground,
But the snow doesn't
Make any sound.

Eddie Lifson



Third Grade

LEFT TO RIGHT AROUND TABLE: Tanya McKnight, Linda Salisbury, Eddie Lifson, Howie Sinker, Denis Bohannon, Larry Lyon, Mrs. Frisch, Kimmie Whiteman, Eliza Winston, Miss Dalton, Mason Taylor, Ricky MacArthur, Chip Frank, Deborah Teich, Billy Crowle, Patti Stern, Ray Gardner, Alida Milliken, Cy-Cy Weary, Nancy Stibolt, Peter Geraghty.

Fourth Grade

FRONT ROW: Brandon Lipman, Ben Watkins, Jimmy Pugh, Richard Ober, Flint Dilly.

SECOND ROW: Sam Howe, Kathryn Flynn, Susan Mullins, Nina Babson, Clothilde Spencer, Harold Joseph, Jerry Perkins, Billy Hines, Ned Jesson.

THIRD ROW: Laura McCormick, Patrice Salisbury, Thayer Precce, Susan Jean Roberts, Lucy Morse, Bonnie Jo Katz.



THE LITTLE LOST ORNAMENT

One day an ornament got lost in the tree. He just couldn't find a way out of the tree. He tried the Tree Freeway, but that wasn't the way out. He took the Tree Tollway, but that wasn't the way out. He drove around so much that he had to pay the toll 1000 times, and that didn't help him a bit! Then something awful happened!

He lost his way again and fell out of the tree! Well, he rolled over to the trunk of the tree. There was a button at the bottom of the trunk. He pushed the button and a tiny elevator came zooming down. The ornament got in the elevator and went zooming up again. Up, up, up he went until he got to the top. And there, right in front of him stood the branch which he was hooked onto.

But there was someone else in his place. "Move!" said the little ornament. "No!" said the other ornament. But the little ornament pushed and shoved until he got his place back. So then to top off his day, the bright star on the top of the tree started to scold him for being late. "You are late for the party!" she said in a cross voice. "But I'm glad you're back anyway!"

Then after everything was done, the little ornament fell sound asleep. "Zzzzzzz!" was all he could say.

Susan Mullins

THE STRANGE HORSE

One night I put my favorite horse by my bed. I began to dream that my horse came alive; all of a sudden I felt something lapping my face. I opened my eyes but nothing was there.

It happened again the next night. The next night I could not sleep, and there it was, it was my horse. The next day I trained him and even rode him. How much fun it was riding everyday, jumping, and we even entered horse shows!

I got ten blue ribbons, eight red ones, and five loving cups with money in them. My horse was great. He was world famous by now and went on T. V.

How I loved my horse: He was wonderful, just wonderful. By now he has 15 ribbons and 10 loving cups.

And he will live forever!

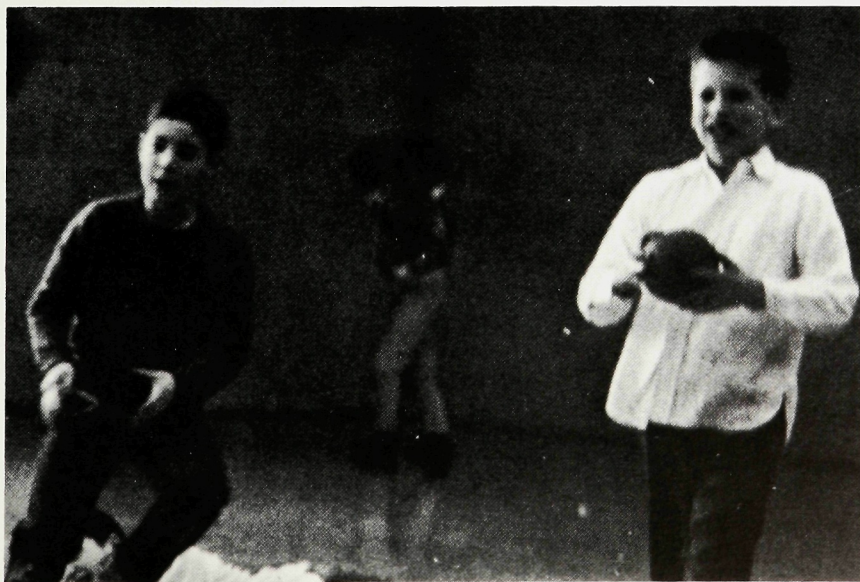
Thayer Preece

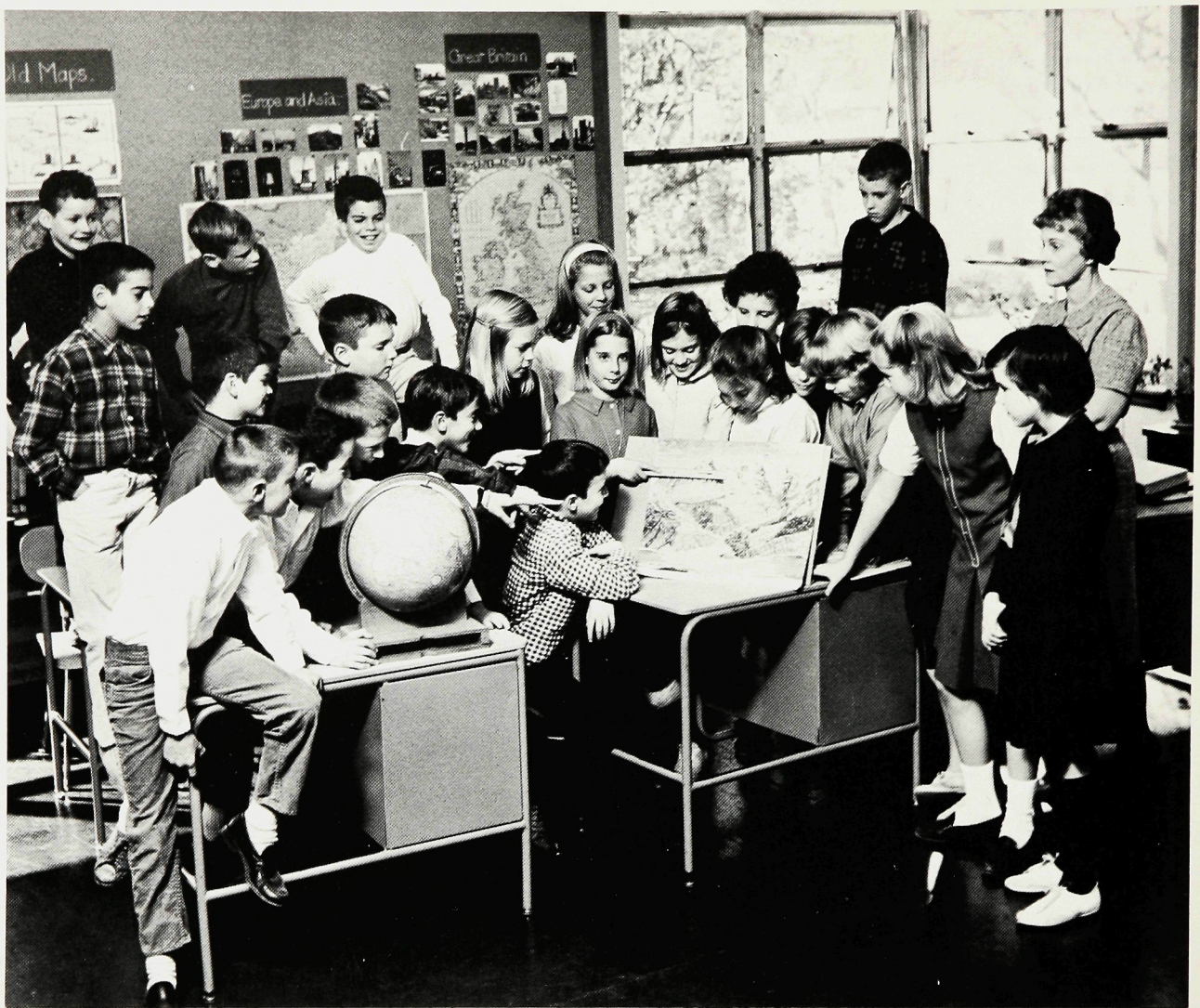


WIND

The wind it is a lively thing;
It tosses and pitches,
And sweeps across the grass
Picking up leaves as it goes.
The wind is sometimes wild
And sometimes gentle.

Harold Joseph



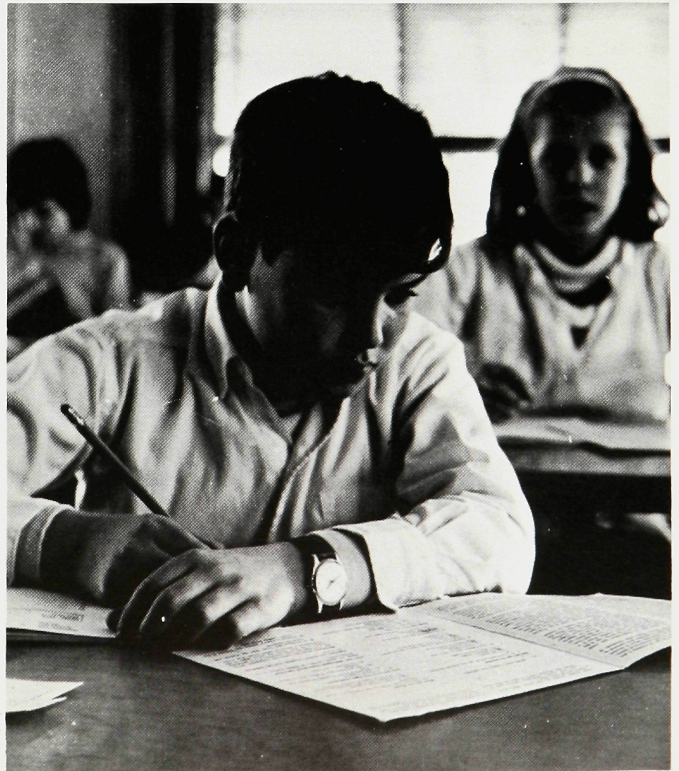
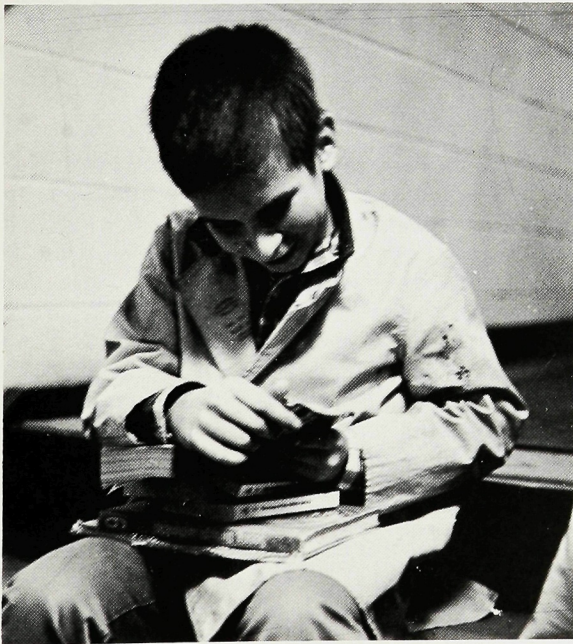


Fifth Grade

FRONT ROW: Steve Gray, Henry Babson, Scott Milliken, Andrew Roseuson, Andrew DaMiano.

SECOND ROW: Steve Katz, Nicky Johnson, Rick Klaus, Stephanie Schmitt, Carrie Maynard, Ginny Boone, Mary Dern, Jenny Leimert, Barbara Flint, Gail Wirtz, Susan Colbert.

THIRD ROW: Bobby Stibolt, Dick Hoyt, Chris Breuer, Bobbe Ann Greenspon, Barbara Delaney, Ricky Carrington, Miss Collingboorne.



POOR FIFTH GRADE

Once upon a time, there was a little witch named Persilla. She was very skinny and had a peculiar appetite. She ate children.

One day she decided to go to school. She went to fifth grade. The teacher's name was Miss Davis. After a while, Miss Davis went out for a long distance call. When she was out of the room, Persilla ate three children. The next day when the children returned from gym, two more were gone. Within a week she had devoured the whole class!

Miss Davis felt so bad that she ate Persilla. Now the teacher is a witch and flies to school everyday on Persilla's broom.

Gail Wirtz



THE LITTLE WITCH

Long, long ago, the witches had a saboth every thirteen years. They picked new goddesses and sacrificed old ones.

There was once a witch who was picked to be a goddess. After twelve and one half years, she began to be afraid because her thirteen years were almost up. She knew how it was to be taken into a room and sacrificed. So when the ceremony was about to take place, she ran away. The other witches hunted her and sent goblins to trace her, but they could not find her.

While all this was taking place, the goddess was hiding out on a farm. She was living with a family that thought she was an orphan. She went every morning to milk the cows or feed the cats and dogs. She loved this more than anything else in the world.

Then, one day a familiar face came to the door. It was a member of the witch-tribe. She was taken away and brought back to the tribe.

Jenny Leimert

THE WATER WITCH

Once there was a haunted hall, and every Halloween a witch came and made it all flood up. In the early morning you could see a head coming out of the floor and a leak next to it. In the afternoon you could see her rise to her waist, and on her waist was a belt that said, ZELDA McWATER, THE TWO MILLION YEAR OLD WATER WITCH. But nobody could see the two million year old witch, But if you did see her, she couldn't come back up for another two million years, which was a long time.

One day a little boy was walking through the hall when he saw a belt on a waist that said, ZELDA McWATER, THE TWO MILLION YEAR OLD WITCH. But at first he didn't see the two million year old witch, and then he looked again and he saw her. Then the witch cried and went back through the floor never to be seen for two million more years.

Scott Milliken



A DEEP HOLE

Johnny Jet Club was a gangster club. It was Halloween night. They were planning to throw cherry bombs at cars and to smash pumpkins. They surrounded someone's house. One of them was drunk and shot a little girl in the leg with his pistol. The people in the house called the cops. The boys ran. They threw a cherry bomb into a window at a Halloween party and ran. Then they threw a cherry bomb into a drugstore and ran. You can imagine how many cops were after them! The police dogs were out after them. They hid in a graveyard. The dogs tracked them down.

The gang wondered where Johnny was. Back in the graveyard Johnny had fallen into a hole. He fell deeper and deeper. It felt like a dream. Then he hit the bottom. It didn't hurt. There was a small room at the bottom. He didn't get tired or hungry. He just sat there and thought how bad he was. He sat there forever and thought, and he never got old.

Nick Johnson

BONNIE KATZ



Sixth Grade

FRONT ROW: Anne Leimert, John Ayer, Genevieve Cremin, Marianne Ware, Nancy Green, David Bergman, David Dobkin, William Stern, Kathryn Dole, Eliza Millard.

SECOND ROW: James Restin, Rocky Wirtz, Thomas Boal, Ellen Benson, Catherine Welch, Mark Milliken, Ann Howard, Peter Jefferson, Alison Hurd, James Flynn.

THIRD ROW: Crispin Colvin, Susan Severson, Mark Preece, Gideon Searle, David Severson, Charles Lyon, William Wilson, Sharon Siskin, Spencer Punnett, Barrett Hills, Eunice Jackson.

THE HINGE OF FATE

The door of fate is heavy
As it swings hard and fast.
The noise it makes cannot compare
To what happens if you dare
To venture long in earth's own tomb
The door of fate so heavy.

The hinges rust
Such noise does make,
When some small hand
Makes the mistake
A scream, a yell,
The fingers grab
But it's not there
The handle slips,
Then silence reigns.

The doors have won,
Freedom lost.
They've been conquered,
No more glee,
They've been conquered
For eternity.

Susan Severson

In the year 1999 there was a man named Orville Finn. Orville had extremely big ears. Orville's mother was embarrassed to take him out without his bonnet. When Orville got older and went to school, all the children would laugh at him because his ears were so big. When Orville grew up he was embarrassed to go to work.

Orville went to an ear doctor to see if he could make his ears smaller. But the doctor made his ears twice as large. Orville felt very discouraged and unhappy.

One morning, Orville woke up and heard strange sounds. Everyone thought that Orville was just hearing things. He finally invited a scientist over to see if the sounds meant anything. The scientist said that it was Martian language and that Orville could hear millions of miles away. The scientist translated the Martian language and said that the Martians wanted to attack us. When the Martians did try to attack us, we drove them off.

Orville became famous and everyone wanted to have big ears like Orville.

Rocky Wirtz



THE DANGERS OF CHEMISTY

A green little chemist,
On a green little day,
Mixed some green little chemicals,
In a green little way.

The green little grasses,
Now tenderly wave,
O'er the green little chemist's,
Green little grave.

David Bragman



There is a baby-blue, roaring car with shimmering sides and disk-like hub caps. I can see stream-line bikes that swiftly glide on the smooth street. There is a flag with shiny blood red, peace white, and bluebird blue. There are many brick-red bikes parked by the side of a jail. The Father of wind is so calmly blowing, like a dove. The leaves are yellow from being scarred by the terror of falling. I see a green roof, green as the grass. I see a black roof, that is black as death. There is a squirrel on a bike, pretending he's riding it. I see a can on a telephone pole, looking so stern and still, with much power in it. There is a root of a tree, like a hand stretching out for life. I can see a telephone pole looking like a cross for a dead giant. There is a tree looking like a cactus in the west. It is a beautiful picture, made to describe.

Peter Jefferson

THE DRAGON SHIP

(Inspired by studying the Vikings in school)
No more does she sail over sea and wave,
That valiant ship and her crew so brave,
No more does her colorful banner wave,
No more does the cry of the foreman ring:
Hey! Heave away! Heave away!

Her dragon prow, so graceful and proud
Now lies at the bottom of the sea.
Her gilded sides, now rotten and worn,
Were strong and robust, until that storm.
Hey! Heave away! Heave away!

That storm was the father of all, we learn.
It shook the ship from stem to stern,
And she sank to her final resting place
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.
Hey! Heave away! Heave away!

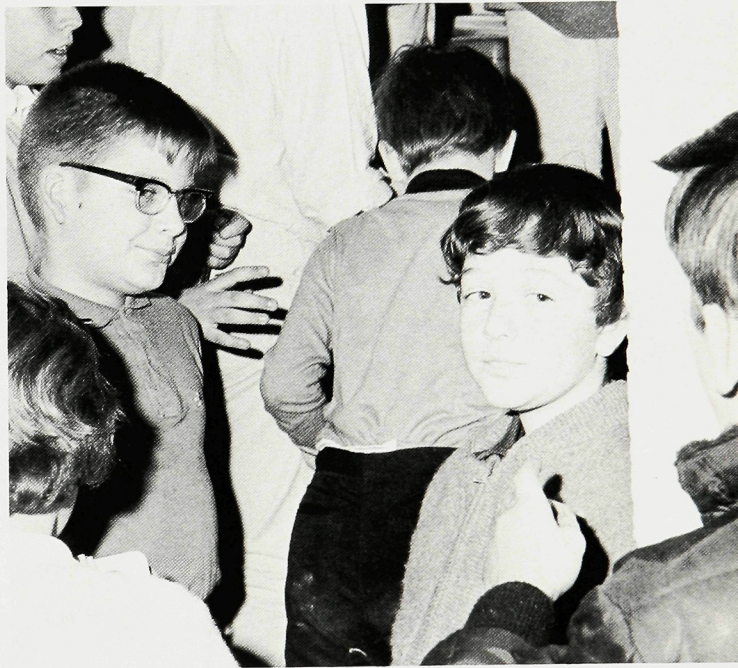
And still the haunting cries come back:
Hey! Heave away! Heave away!

Eunice Jackson





OLIVER! Children Visit North Shore





Seventh Grade

FRONT ROW: Isabel Young, Elizabeth Perkins, Ruth Burnell, Polly Ross, Diane Flint, Mila Watkins, Margaret Carton, Gwendolyn Miller, Laurie Schmitt, Mary Garvin, Helen Brown.

SECOND ROW: Elizabeth Hannaford, Michele Kowalik, Laurie Sue Lipman, Charles Durham, Stephen Geering, Jenny Donohue, Laura Litten, Robert Cody, Daird Schweppe, Martin Springer, Donald Whiteman, Thomas Coulter, Thomas White, Susan Wells.

THIRD ROW: Ruth Mayer, Dean Turner, Huntley Gill, Kenneth Paul, Christopher Ann O'Brien, George Booz, Joseph Wilkinson, Craig Johnson, Jeffrey Hoffman, Clancy Philipsborn, Edwin Gordon, James Leslie, Arthur Jessen, Christine Reinhold.



GUILT

I was walking home from school. It was dark, and I could hardly see where I was going. The snow did not help much. It was at least a foot deep, and it kept falling. It was cold and the wind was howling like a coyote on the prairie, and all was quiet.

Off in the distance I could see Shirley Shoemaker's house. Shirley Shoemaker was a classmate, and I despised her. She was snobbish and conceited. I suppose she can't help it with all the money she has and with all the maids she has and with the wardrobe she has; it comes naturally. Every time she looks at me she stares, makes faces, and tells her conceited little friends how awful I am. When I have something she wants, she acts like a little lamb as if we were the best of friends; but inside, you can tell that she is detesting me every minute that she is near me. The only fear I have of her is that she has a figure like Marilyn Monroe, a face like Liz Taylor, and a personality like a toad. But the boys do not care about her personality, just her figure; when she walks in the halls it is as disastrous as the Civil War was to the South. Shirley will flirt with any boy in sight. Shirley Shoemaker is the genius of the class. I would call her a dumb-bell and stupid if she were, but she is not. All the boys crowd around her to get the right answer to a tough problem. Shirley has it made!

The wind kept howling, the snow kept falling, and I kept walking. My pace had slowed almost as if I were expecting something to happen. But all was quiet. I kept walking, hoping that maybe something might happen to break the boredom. Then came the mournful, shrieking sound of a siren. The siren became louder and I wanted to see where the siren was going. Finally, a large fire-truck turned the corner and zoomed in front of me; a red light rotated around and around and the siren was shrieking and the firemen were holding on to a rail in the back. Then another fire-engine came; this one was smaller, but its siren was as loud. Then came a police car; it had a siren and a red light that rotated. All of sudden the sirens stopped, but the red lights kept rotating around and around. I could see the red lights in the distance and I followed them. Shirley Shoemaker's house was down this way and if the fire-engines were at her house, she probably was in the middle of the fire!

When I approached the scene of the fire, the smoke was as black as a witch's cat and the flames were as tall as Paul Bunyan and crackled like a

crow. It was Shirley Shoemaker's house! Great tongues of fire were leaping from the windows like an impala in flight. Bricks were toppling here and there. Soon the massive rafters would give way and the roof would collapse and only the walls would be left; the hollow shell would be a mockery of the house. I was glad, glad, glad! And I hoped Shirley was inside!

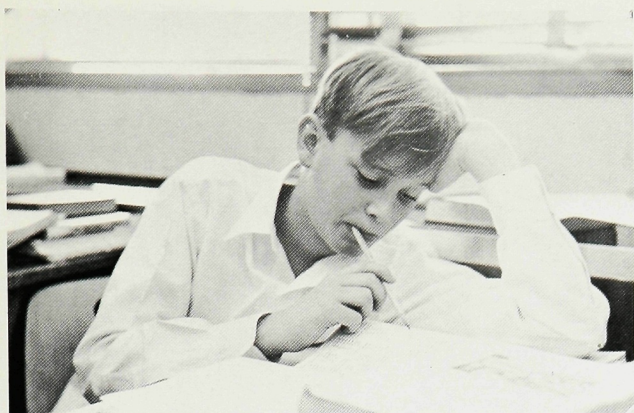
There were firemen all around; the blaze seemed to be uncontrollable. Out of a bedroom window came a piercing scream, the scream of a child. The Shoemakers only had one child, so I assumed it was Shirley, and I was right. Quickly the fire-engine zoomed over to the bedroom window, a ladder was lifted to the window, and a brave fireman climbed up and carried Shirley down. At that split second I detested her more than I ever had, and I was glad that she was burnt and near death because she deserved it.

She was on the ground, wrapped in blankets. The fire department's ambulance came quickly, and as Shirley was being carried to it on a stretcher, she turned her head and looked at me; her eyes were filled with pain and supplication. Why didn't I do something? Why didn't I say I was sorry?

I turned away. I began to realize how hateful I had been, how dreadful had been my thoughts. Shirley was in great pain, and I had been glad. I was stunned by my conduct, horrified that I had felt so exalted. I was guilty, guilty of feeling happy about another human being's misfortune. What could I do? I needed help. Would I have the strength to help myself?

The wind kept howling, the snow kept falling, and I kept walking.

Jenny Donahue



THE HALL

Looking out of the window I saw before me a dark, gray, gloomy night. The moon had hidden itself behind great masses of silvery gray clouds. Occasionally escaping, it created a striking contrast against the dull, gray firmament. Only the hoot of a lone owl or the shrill cry of a bird broke the eerie stillness of the night.

Inside the house, lights glowed and gaiety and laughter projected through the brilliantly illuminated living room. I had been standing there for hours, chatting with our guests. Suddenly my head started to droop, my eyes started to close, and my feet started to drag. I must go to bed.

As I turned toward the massive staircase, I sensed a stillness in the air. Slowly I walked up the stairs, slowly and silently my mind warned me of the all too quiet hall that awaited my entrance.

Halfway up I stopped, my hands trembling, my knees shaking. I had heard a noise. Unable to resist the temptation of finding out from whence the sound emanated I kept going, each step bringing me closer to the hall that loomed up vast and menacing.

On the last step of the staircase I stopped, my body trembling. Looking up, I saw a slithering shadow sil-

ently slinking along the dim and gloomy hall. Startled, I lost my balance and slipped, my foot making a thud as it hit the step below. I froze like an icicle, except for my quivering hands. Had the shadow heard? Suddenly the figure darted behind a cabinet. He had heard!

Looking forward I could barely make out the indistinct figure ahead of me. I could imagine his clenched fists and tense and rigid body in a coil, like a snake ready to spring. He saw me, but had he realized that I had seen him? Hidden in the wall, twenty feet ahead, twenty feet which seemed like a mile, lay the one button that would alert the police. With the stranger's eyes watching my every move, did I dare step forward and push the concealed button? Somehow I had to get to that button; somehow I started to move. My breath held, I slowly inched forward. Tiptoeing, with my eyes focused on the intruder, I came closer and closer toward my goal, and with an inaudible sigh of relief, I finally reached it.

Hesitating slightly, I reached out and pushed the button. I was aware of the stranger's eyes watching my every move. Suddenly he dashed towards the bedroom, running for his life.

The next moment was utter confusion for all. In the middle of the eerie stillness of the night, the police, their sirens wailing, drove up the long gravel driveway. The policemen with drawn guns and pistols, raced toward the house, a house which was now completely quiet.

In the dark and gloomy hall, lights now blazed brilliantly. While the policemen were dashing up the stairway, there came the shatter of glass against the hard wood floor. The thief had escaped!

Early the next morning I awoke still trembling from the hair-raising experience of the night before. I arose and fearfully tiptoed out of my room, my heart beating loudly enough to awaken the entire household. By the time I had dressed, my parents were up and about. I did not want to mention the unhappy experience of the night before but I could not resist asking if the police had uncovered any convincing clues. I was informed that they had discovered a home-made rope ladder dangling from the balcony outside the master bedroom. The intruder's entry had been effected by prying open a back bathroom window. I was also told that a wicked-looking blood-stained switchblade had been found on the ground, and under my father's bed the police had discovered a small black portfolio, its lock torn off and its contents strewn across the floor. From it \$3,000 was missing.

For many weeks the police searched diligently for the robber, but to no avail. We decided that one of the workmen recently at the house must have been responsible.

For months afterwards, shadowy nightmares slipped in and out of my half-awake, half-asleep slumber, all of them involving a dark and gloomy hall looming up vast and menacing.

Ruthie Mayer



Eighth Grade

FRONT ROW: Bruce Blair, Hunt Hamill, Andrew Philipsborn, Anne Searle, Susan Folds, Daird Lyon, Winifred Boal, James Wilson, John Leimert, Donald Misch, John Victor.

SECOND ROW: Ben Earle, William Batson, Cory Weary, Paul Delaney, Comstock, Mary Millard, George Hills, Miriam Geraghty, John Loomis, Richard Lebolt.

THIRD ROW: Amy Winston, Amy Kopple, Elizabeth Lynde, Sarah Pugh, Caroline Jarchow, Mary Ann Sewell.

FOURTH ROW: Peter Kuh, Andrew Struthers, Josephine Strong, Wylly Morse, Holly Foote, Eleanore Gardner, Nancy Colbert, John Stibolt, Douglass Severson, Linda Breuer, John Milliken, Catherine Askow.

THE NEW CIVILIZATION

Mark Jacobs is a citizen of Village No. 78, Asteroid No. 5. He is thirty years old. Mark has a mental handicap with an I.Q. of only 231. He has one brother and one sister who live and work at the University of Science on Asteroid No. 3. Mark lives with his parents in their dome. The year is 2200 A.D.

"Hey, Dad, what's the word? E-A-R-T-H."

Mark's father was startled with the question at first, but then he realized how long it had been since the founding of the new civilization. Today one could go to the nearest information center, take an electronic injection, and learn the new civilization's history in just five minutes. If one were interested, one could get another injection and learn the entire history of Earth in fifteen more minutes! Mark was unable to take an electronic injection because of his handicap.

"That's Earth, Mark. Earth was a planet. It was an evil planet and so were the people who inhabited Earth. Earth had many countries, and the countries had states, and the states had villages. Each individual country had wars."

"What's a war?"

"A war is a fight or an argument based on principles. Earth there were two kinds of wars. There were cold wars and shooting wars. In a cold war, diplomats would go from one country to another, talking and arguing with each other. If one of the diplomats didn't give in, the cold war might lead into a shooting war. A shooting war is just what its name implies. Soldiers would go from one country to another, shooting and killing the people whom they were fighting against, even those people who had nothing to do with the war."

"There were wars between one village and another, between one state and another, and wars between one country and another."

Mr. Jacobs continued, "Our civilization was created after years and years of preparation. Already, the Earth had had two world wars, and our computers had calculated that the Earth was bound to have another. The first two wars involved primitive weapons. With the creation of nuclear weapons at the end of World War II another war would end up in the complete destruction of Earth. Our computers calculated that the third war was inevitable. To prevent the total destruction of mankind, we set aside the new civilization. Not only was it the extension of mankind, but it was also the ideal society."

"On Earth there was much censorship. Men would use profanity and obscenity with men, and women would use obscenity and profanity with women. If a man used profanity in a woman's presence, the woman would be offended, and the man would get a reputation for being "dirty". Many books were also censored. If an obscene book was published, many of the state governments would ban the book from public selling lists."

"Many times people would be hurt by criticism. If someone wrote a story, and a person reading it made a few comments to improve the story, the author's feelings might be hurt, and he would get mad at the reader. As a result of this, people offered very little criticism for

fear that they might hurt the feelings of the person they were criticizing."

"The goal of the new civilization is to correct all these flaws in society. There is no censorship in the new society, so when a man swears in front of a woman, she doesn't mind it because obscenity and profanity have become part of the language. When obscene books are written, people read them as they would read any other book."

"The climate on the first asteroid was perfect so there was no need for people to wear clothing. People saw no evil in being naked so the so-called "dirty" language which was mostly caused by curiosity in the human body, ceased to exist. And finally, people only criticized when their comments could be constructive. Therefore, people weren't hurt by criticism. The people of the first generation believed in these principles. Ever since the first generation, these principles have been kept alive by the faith of the people."

"About twenty years after the project had started, we had collected enough men and women to start the new civilization. The project was kept very secret. The people who started the first asteroid were tested over and over again to see whether they were sincere in their acceptance of the principles and if they were really devoted to the project. After all the preparations, we started off to Asteroid No. 1 which was one of a group of five with the same conditions. This group had ideal qualifications; the right air mixture, the correct amount of sunlight, and, generally, the same qualifications as Earth."

"After organizing the new civilization, we discovered an unusually high amount of cosmic radiation in the atmosphere. We had to build a dome around the entire asteroid to protect ourselves. There was a great intellectual atmosphere among the people. The people's I.Q.'s soared into the 200s and 300s. It was really amazing. The number of items we invented was unbelievable."

"The first milestone of our inventions was that of the mattertransport. It is an amazing feeling to have your whole atomic structure decomposed and then delivered to your destination in a matter of micro-seconds."

"The next important discovery was that of the age serum. Why, if a person on Earth heard me say that I was 300 years old, he would think that I was crazy."

"After a while, the scientists on Earth started using us like machines. We would transmit scientific data to them, and they would apply this information to some manufactured product and sell it for a tremendous profit. After awhile, we became very depressed with the people on Earth. We calculated that the third world war was very near, and we didn't know whether we should destroy the Earth ourselves or let it meet its inevitable doom. We chose the former. We gave them sufficient warning and destroyed them instantly and painlessly."

"Thanks, Dad." Mark returned to his book.

Mr. Jacobs nodded, walked into the kitchen and kissed his wife good-bye. Slowly he entered the matter transport pushed a button, and disappeared.

Peter Kuh

THE ROOMMATE

Mary slowly opened her eyes. There wasn't any change. There had never been any change. Every morning she woke up in the same square, pale green room in the same sterile, white metal bed.

She turned on her side and watched the sun flow through the barred window. She reached out and touched the side rail on her bed. "Just like a baby's crib," she thought. "For two years I have been strapped in this bed at night. Why, why? I know why, because I saw my mother kill my father, but no one believes me. They say I never had a mother. They say I never had a father. How do they know? Why do they lie?"

Mary's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of smothered footsteps. She turned over and watched the nurse in her freshly starched uniform. Just like all the other mornings. She was here to undo the straps. The nurse gave Mary a cheerful, "Good morning." Just like the other times Mary hesitated, then gave a quick-mumbled, "Good morning." But to herself she was thinking, "All she feels for me is pity. She thinks of me as a poor mixed up little girl."

This nurse was just like the others. She wouldn't believe Mary either. In fact she was the one who had brought her mother into the room in the first place. "Why? why, won't she admit it? How can she be so blind? Doesn't she know my mother wants to kill me too, just like father? Look at mother, lying so quietly in the other bed, the perfect patient for them, but she is always staring at me. God, she scares me." Mary looked away, not being able to bear the sight of her mother.

Mary's day passed by slowly, but Mary didn't mind, for during the daytime she could leave the room. She could free herself of her mother's cold, staring eyes. She could walk in the gardens or work on the sweater she was knitting. She didn't mind anything that took her out of the room where her mother was.

But the day passed as all the other days. The supper trays were served. The night nurse came to fasten the straps. The lights were dimmed. Sleep finally came.

Then early in the night, Mary woke up with a start. She was facing her mother's bed; it was empty. "That's strange," thought Mary, turning so she could lie on her back. Looking up, Mary gasped at what she saw. Scream. Why couldn't she scream? Here was her mother standing over her, Her mother's arms were stretched out towards her face. Mary struggled to get out of reach. The straps held her securely. She closed her eyes. Her scream echoed in the stillness of the room. Suddenly the light was on. Mary opened her eyes to find the nurse standing over her. Quickly she looked toward her mother's bed. Her mother wasn't there. Now there was no use in trying to explain. The nurse wouldn't understand. There was nothing to do but close her eyes—but not to sleep.

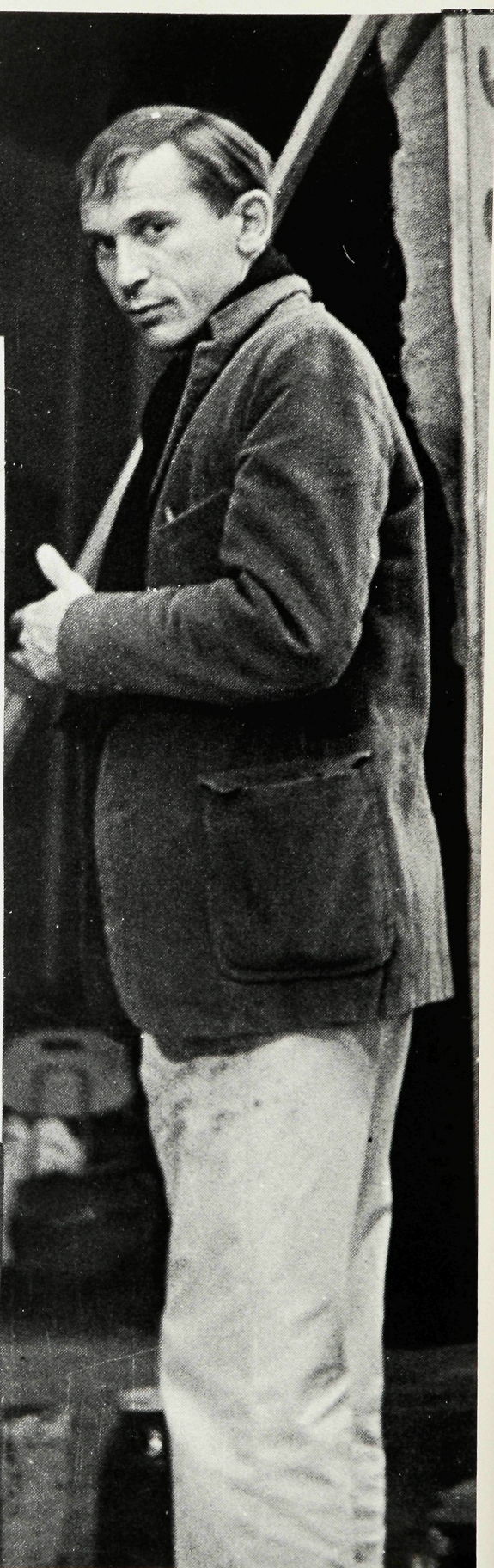
Mary woke up late the next morning. She woke up to see the nurse bringing a young girl into the room. The nurse was saying something. "Well, Mary, meet your new roommate. She'll be in the bed across the room from yours. Now you'll be able to look at something other than an empty bed."

Mary struggled to sit up. The straps still confined her. Unable to move, her eyes followed the new girl as she climbed into the high hospital bed.

Linda Breuer



TARGET
**WHO
BRINGS
THEM TO**
Roaring
PANIC
EXISTENTIALISM
THE
HEAT'S
FREE
ON WHITE MAN, WALK EASY
THE FOURTH
NECESSITY
SUICIDE
THE ROAD SATISFIES
Sleepy Lassie



Youth is not a time of life
 it is a state of mind,
 it is a temper of the will,
 a quality of the imagination,
 a vigor of the emotions,
 a predominance of courage over timidity,
 an appetite for adventure over the love of ease.
 Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years,
 people grow old only by deserting their ideals.
 Time wrinkles the skin, but to give enthusiasm
 wrinkles the soul.
 Worry, doubt, fear, and despair,
 these are the long, long years that bow the head
 and turn the growing spirit back to dust.
 Whether seventeen or seventy, there is in every being's
 heart, the love of wonder,
 the sweet amazement at the stars, and starlike things,
 the undaunted challenge of events,
 the unappeasable appetite for what next,
 in the joy and game of life.
 You are as young as your faith,
 as old as your fear;
 as young as your self-confidence, as old as your self-doubt,
 as young as your hope, as old as your despair.
 As long as your heart receives the messages
 of love and courage, beauty and grandeur,
 from the earth, from man, and from the Infinite,
 you are young.
 But when the wires are all down,
 and your heart is covered with
 the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism,
 then indeed, you have grown old, and
 May God Have Mercy On Your Soul.

scrawled on a wall in Borneo.





L'ATTENTE

La tristesse est née en automne
Quand le soeil a disparu
Et elle a étouffé les sentiments gentils
Pour la douce-rose, pour l'heureuse vie.

Tout est comme une maison vide
Avec les bizarres échos, mais
Plein de solitude, attendant une personne
Comme j'attends le printemps.

Beth Nichols

IT'LL COME

Ask a small boy then,
A small shirtless boy,
on his back
in the grass
by a pokey, snail-happy brook;
A long green fuzzy-tipped shoot
dangling helplessly
from his smiling mouth.
The sun is hot on his merry, grubby toes;
it flares
on his golden-red,
mutinous hair.
There are surging, snowy clouds
floating wistfully by,
far out of reach,
like some puffy, fat pidgeon
flying to Africa,
or maybe even Egypt
for some other small, careless boy to see.
Maybe the boy in Egypt will see
a camel
or a beautiful, white horse
high above the desert sand,
or a dark, evil wolf.
Maybe both will see
a tin of snuff,
or angels having pillow fights.
But only they
can tell you
for only they, themselves,
know what
is so high,
and so light.
Ask a small boy, then,
maybe he'll tell you;
he probably
won't.

Bill Harper



THE KITCHEN SITTERS

Amongst
lemons and limes,
insipid cakes,
unsalable anchovies,
 sans triscuits.
They sit and ponder
unappetizingly, of
Man's mind—
enebriated values,
insipid ambitions,
unsalable virtues,
 sans solutions.

Derk Tennant

Darkness and still descend ever so stealthily
Silent sky, eternal star, sit uninformingly.
O mortal man!
Can he ever the mystery of the universe relate?
Can he ever the reality of death and faith in God equate?
Ere tyrant rule with an ignorant eye
And on his destructive power rely
Death thou shalt live and Life thou shalt die!

John Hickey

there is no simple solution
to pollution
it is generally involved
we shall have to sulphur
fishkill along a stream arouses
quite a lot of emotional activity
pristine water is far from pure in Alaska
in certain states of maine the House
of representatives votes sediment

“And whether we find what we are
seeking/Is idle, biologically speaking.”

Molly Lynde



UNDER A KITCHEN SINK

Early secure

back to the wall three sides around no one can get

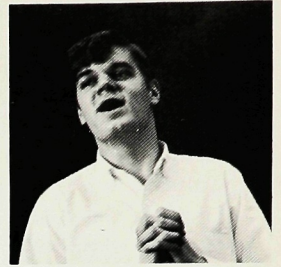
you

Warm water pipes, no

peeling paint, just

the right size to fit in

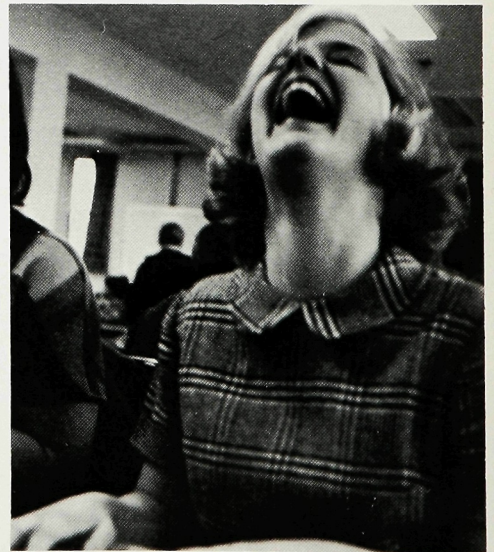
For once.



IT

Happiness.
Comfort
Security
Warmth,
Companion
Friend,
Soft
Smooth
Strong
Powerful
Graceful,
Enticing.
CAT

Pat Christopher



MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING

Then there is sleep, there is sleep, is sleep, sleep. The head moves itself into the softness of the pillow and starts to unwind its cluttered contents into space. It unwinds, and unwinds, and unwinds, spewing out until there is nothing left but a mellow, drifting stream of unconsciousness.

Peace, peace, peace, peace. It may be cold outside, but not under the many layers of blankets. Collapsing his body into the curled up form of a hibernating bear, he reaches out and grabs the upper section of his blankets to draw them tighter around him.

Outside, he can hear the steady pattern of falling rain as it strikes upon the uppermost area of the room. Somehow he starts to picture a brook; a brook located in a dense forest. The sun is burning bright above, doing its utmost to warm up the coolness of the forest. The sky is deep blue, interrupted only by the straggling of some oddly bloated, cumulus clouds. All he can hear is the trickling of the brook as it flows into the deep, glass-like pond below. It's consistent, neverending, eternal, and always the same, always the same.

There is a classroom. A teacher is asking a student a question, "Hey, you! Why do you think _____ wrote in an episodic style?"

"Well ya know I think that _____ wrote in an episodic style because in those days they did not have T.V.'s and bowling and stuff like that, so that ya know the only thing they could do was to sit at home and read all the time."

There is a homeroom. A portable stereo record player is doing its best to try and blast out "Louie, Louie" in its truest high fidelity tone. A few students are **entertaining** throughout the room. One is trying to read some French. Three others are sitting at a table together, trying to talk. "Hey, Joe, how much grease did you put on your hair today?"

One student is sitting with arms folded, staring at the wall, or at least with the uppermost part of his body pointed in that general direction. He is asleep and yet his eyes are open. Slowly, as if in a trance, he gets up and drifts toward one of the three huge windows which make up most of that part of the wall. His hands in his two front pockets, he stares out over the parking lot. He stands there and he stands there. He stands until he can

no longer see the pure white streamlined form of the Corvette or the masses of girls that go shuffling back and forth in back of it. He is alone except for the penetrating coolness of the air around him.

A teacher walks into the room and starts to question him. "Hey you, where do you want to go to college? Just what is it that you want to be? What are you? Who are you?"

"Who me? I don't know. You know sir, what you want to do in college is an awful big decision to make. I think I want to major in bluegrass."

Two boys pass by each other leaving the homeroom. "Hey, you, how come you aren't wearing your red socks?"

"Because I ate them."

There is a football field. A group of fifth graders are playing soccer with a senior boy watching over them.

"I wanna be on his team. I wanna be on his team."

"Aw, you shut up!"

"Now boys, you must play on the teams that picked you."

"O. K. boys, now get ready, we will kick off to you guys."

"Hey, you can't play!"

"Why not?"

"Cause Seniors can't play!"

"Yea, its our gym period, ya big nut!"

"Ya big nut!"

"Aw, shut up."

"Hey you guys, look at _____, he wears girls' gym shoes. I betcha they are his sister's!"

"They are not."

"Now boys, there is no need for fighting."

"Shut up!"

"Ya, you shouldn't even be playing with us anyway. You should be over there with the other fourth graders where you belong."

"Boy, is it true that you are only a fourth grader?"

"Yea, he is. But it doesn't matter 'cause he is just as good as we are."

"No he isn't! Even _____ is better than he is."

"Hey boys, _____."

There is an enormous hall which consists of a main floor and two balconies, which are pretty well filled up. There is a large stage in the back of which is a curved wall, lined with large, gold-covered pipes, pointed with slits in them making them look as though they belonged to an organ. The big, vaulted ceiling is almost dome shaped.

A speaker steps forward on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, this evening we bring to you a battle of great minds: _____ of the _____ Society, and _____."

From the upper balcony the cries of a perturbed audience can be heard.

"Louder!"

"Hey, we can't hear!"

"Hey buddy, will ya turn up the mike?"

"O.K., How's that? Can everybody hear? As I was saying, our other contestant is _____ of the Party."

"Can't hear!"

There is a time set aside at the end of the debate for the audience to ask the speakers questions.

"Mr. _____, is it true that you and your colleagues are interested in the abolition of free enterprise in our United States, in the whole and total destruction of our present capitalistic system, and the re-creation of a _____."

"You were asked to present the speakers with questions, not to make speeches."

"Pop, I am nothing, Pop. I am nothing. I am a dime a dozen and so are you."

"I'm not a dime a dozen. I'm _____ and you are _____!"

"Pop, all I want is out there, waiting for me as soon as I say what I want. Why can't I say that, Pop? Why can't I say what I want?"

"Do any of you have any comments to make about the scene?"

"Yes. I think that it was too emotional. It just keeps going and going until it reaches a point where you just can't take it anymore, its just too much. You know, one must learn to control one's emotions, after all if everybody _____."

There are sirens blasting on and off, on and off, on and off. There is the final scene in the movie, "Diary of Anne Frank", right before she is taken away to a concentration camp.

"I've made up my mind. There is good some place. There must be."

"Where?"

There is a song from "West Side Story", that someone keeps getting clogged up in the wheels and goes around and around and around. At the right moment it will come into focus again. It is that scene where a boy is knifed and killed in a street fight and then comes back again with the girl. They are singing together.

"There is a place for us, a time and place for us, _____"

"Where? . . . Why do I keep thinking of such sentimental garbage. It is so weak and stupid. It simply appeals to your emotions. I must push it out of my mind."

There is a history class. Teacher, "Are there any more views on how the course of history moves?"

"Yea. I believe that history travels in a straight line, that nothing ever really changes."

"I've made up my mind. There is good."

"Where? What?"

"That game sure was cool, wasn't it? Did you see the block I made? Man, it is really cool smashing guys in the mud. I could have kept on playing all day! In fact, it felt funny when it was over. I didn't want to quit. But it is all over! Now what?"

"Now you can live in expectation of the next game."

"Oh."

"I don't understand ____."

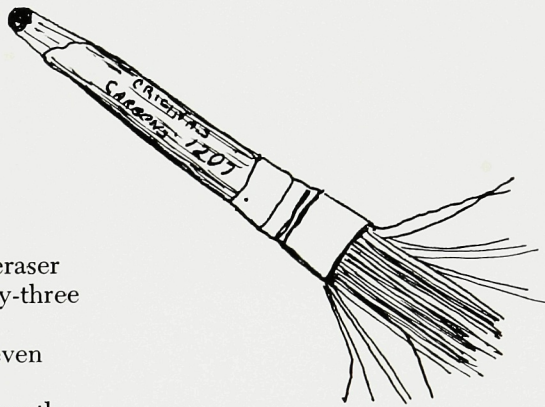
It has spent itself of all its fury. Something went wrong with the threader and the film started to

get all tangled up. But, it's all right, it is working again. It is now going at a much slower speed and there is no longer any sound, but it is still moving through the machine. There is no color now, only black, colorless film moving slowly, incessantly through the projector.

Tom Dietzgen

bristles:
bristles on the end of an
eberhard, faber, singlex eraser
one hundred and seventy-three
red, plastic fibers
one hundred and fifty-seven
clustered in the center,
licking each other for warmth.
sixteen apart looking out into
the world of eraser dust and
discarded paper refusing to work
hoping perhaps for better things.

Beth Nichols





Alison French

Spring is
Coquettish
Like the sun
Hiding behind clouds and then
Letting us glimpse the full shining glory—
But only a glimpse,
A promise.

After the last big snow,
The dirty swish on the streets, the mud underfoot,
Comes a sudden longing—
An impatience to be run of the heavy tendrils of
winter.

Spring is called
Imperatively, impatiently, imperiously.
And
Like any other woman
She is late.

Sally Mullins

Summer
moments running amberwarm as sun, rise
throbbing . . . briefly swell my throat
but fade

with fall.
Remnants rise, fanned
glowingsharp by gusts of
winter wistfulness, then dim,
eclipsed

by summer—
running moments of
next year.

Betsy Cohler



Hasty hand, heralding eternity as cheap,
Easy victory over the spoils of life!
And you, my Satanic lover, do you weep
That I embraced your glistening image in strife,
Though you could not follow over the wide, black waters
Under a sky of glinting, obsidian stars
Into dark gardens where leaves were soft as feathers.
Imagine my anguish not to find you there
Where I expected you to rise like a black sun
Over a startled world you had dispelled
As a mockery of time that could no longer run.
Oh, what lures reached out from that enchanted hell
Where I hoped in the flickering flamelight to rest
Forever and ever on your unhallowed breast.

Frame house and trees slept
Faded as in mist
Early on a muffled morn
While Ernie plodded by
To sled on Colby's hill



Anne Young

Mid-morning languor veils the town,
Broken only by the horses' hoofs.
A cobbler pauses in an open doorway
In apathetic interruption
Of nails and shoes.

The path goes by the cluttered porch
Of a shabby house; I wonder
If there were only tiny windows
Like these through which to live,
Could one bear the stretch
Of identical days,
And fields that lengthen into hills?

A woman, rocking, turns unsmiling,
Sets her lips, then rocks into eternity.
The old unfailing magic
Has brought some children
From their play,
Mute, with shaded eyes,
To contemplate the horses.

Lucy Hadsall

THE {sad} SAGA of WINFRED JONES

WINFRED JONES DIDN'T SMOKE!

PEOPLE WOULD SAY "HERE WINFRED,

HAVE A CIGARETTE

BUT WINFRED WOULD FROWN AND SAY

PERISH THE THOUGHT! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO YOU KNOW WHERE?

WINFRED NEVER SWORE!

HE FELT GUILTY SAYING



FIDDLESTICKS

LET ALONE



DARN

WINFRED WAS CONSTANTLY SOBER!

PEOPLE WOULD SAY "MARTINI WINFRED?"
BUT WINFRED SHOOK HIS HEAD AND REPLIED,

WINFRED BECAME SO OBSESSED WITH FEAR

UPON THE IDEA OF GOING TO "YOU KNOW WHERE"

THAT HE DECIDED TO SHUT HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD,

ON THE REASONING THAT IF HE WAS ALONE, IN SOLITUDE,

HE COULD COMMIT NO SINS.

HE WENT TO THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN HE COULD FIND,



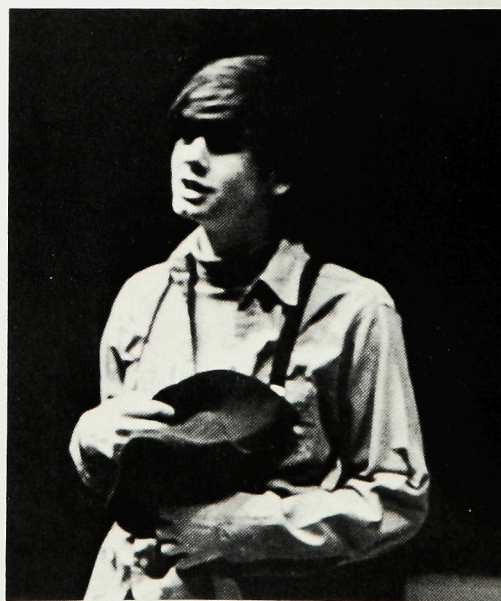
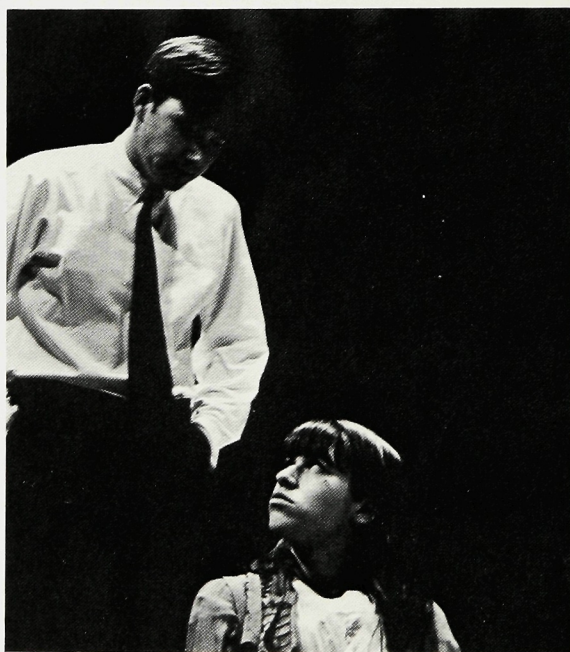
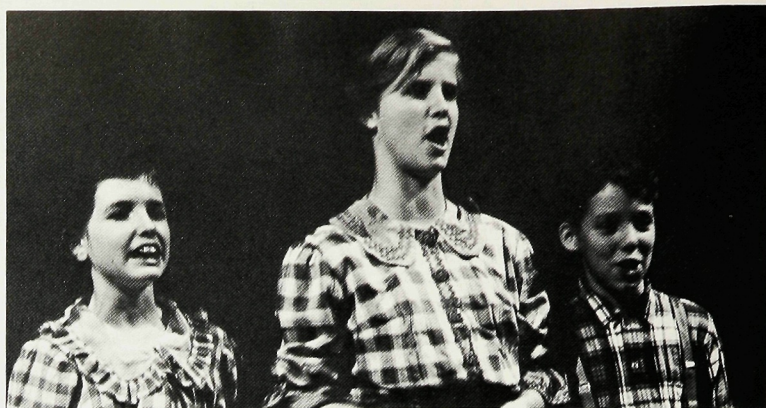
BUILT A SMALL outhouse, AND JUST SAT.

WINFRED DIED
NOBODY CRIED.

AND HE WENT TO
YOU
KNOW
WHERE



NEVER TOUCH
THE STUFF
YOU WON'T
SEE ME IN
YOU KNOW WHERE?

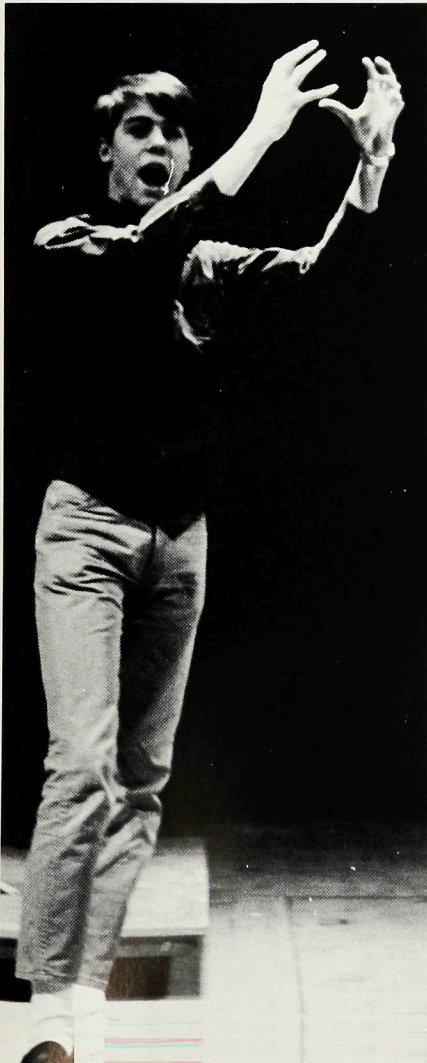




To begin at the beginning:

It is Spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courters'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobing sea.

And all the people of the lulled and dumbfounded town are sleeping now.



Alone in the hissing laboratory of his wishes, Mr. Pugh minces among bad vats and jeroboams, tiptoes through spinneys of murdering herbs, agony dancing in his crucibles, and mixes especially for Mrs. Pugh a venomous porridge unknown to toxicologists which will scald and viper through her until her ears fall off like figs, her toes grow big and black as balloons, and steam comes screaming out of her navel.

Mother, Daniel, and I had lived with my grandparents ever since my father died, which was when I was a baby and Daniel was only four. Hiram had moved in five years later when his wife died. Grandmother was his closest living relative, so she felt morally obliged to take him in. It seemed ironic, somehow, that the more members of her family died, the larger her household became. Hiram was the last to come, though.

Really, I felt quite sorry for him. He was fairly short, not particularly fat, but fearfully flabby. He still wore vests, and at mealtimes he covered these with a napkin so that the dropped food got everywhere else but on the vest. His voice always had a nasal whine. He had a terrible memory and loved, more than anything else, going for walks. Grandmother's house was in the country, so he could take glorious walks down the narrow roads and through the little thicket behind the house and along the stream running through it. Hiram was not permitted to go for long walks without somebody with him, for Grandmother was afraid that he might get lost, what with his bad memory and all, and she really did not want her brother to have any serious mishaps. Yet she made it quite clear that she did not hold Hiram in the highest esteem. He used to drink and smoke, and, for her, these were the eighth and ninth deadly sins.

Once on a Sunday morning when the rest of us were in the living room reading the Sunday paper, Hiram shuffled in. Grandmother had asked him to dump the garbage, and he had just finished. To get to the cans, it was necessary to go down the driveway a bit to the tool shed, next to which the cans were located. Grandmother had told him to put his boots on, as it had rained recently and was still wet out, and he still had them on.

"Hiram!"

Grandmother's screech of shock had startled us all, particularly Hiram, who quickly looked around to see what he had done.

"Look at all the mud you've tracked in! I just vacuumed this floor yesterday, and look at it already. You'd think I was your nursemaid instead of your sister."

All this time, Hiram was backing toward the door, trying not to make any more footprints. When she had finished, he turned to her pathetically and whined, "I'm sorry. I forgot."

Grandmother glared at the back of his nearly bald head as he scuffled out to put his boots on the porch.

When he returned, nobody was talking. He stood at the door a moment, looking at everyone in turn. No one returned his glance. He made his way slowly over to the hassock on which the cat was sleeping on top of Daniel's jacket. Mother looked up stealthily from the magazine section and gave him a look of revulsion. The cat had become aware of his advance and was watching him. He leaned over the hassock and reached his shaking hand toward her to rub her head. Suddenly, she jumped to the floor and scampered under the coffee table. She looked back at him to see if he were pursuing her. Then she walked sedately out of the room.

Daniel let out a snort and then started coughing madly to cover up his guffaw.

Hiram looked as if he were going to start crying. He picked up Daniel's coat as if that were what he had gone over there to do, and hung it on the back of a chair.

He picked up a magazine of two weeks ago and went out of the room.

It had snowed the night before and kept coming down gently all day. After school, Daniel and I were building the ultimate snow fort and were just at the point where we could start defending it from the fierce Indians. I was dispatched to get our pop-guns. On the way out the door again, Grandmother stopped me and asked me to go for a walk with Hiram, who was standing behind her with his boots already on. I really did not want to, and was about to say so, but I looked at

Hiram, and he looked so unhappy and pleading and I felt so sorry for him that I agreed to go. He suddenly looked so happy that it almost made it worth my while.

While Hiram was getting his coat, I ran outside and gave the guns to Daniel and told him why I could not help him with the fort just then. He laughed and told me to have a good time.

Hiram came out of the house, so I left Daniel and joined him. We walked to the end of the sidewalk and then stopped. Hiram looked at me as though he were waiting for me to do something.

"Where d'you wanna go?" I asked.

"Is it all right if we walk down to the woods?" he ventured in his habitual whine.

"Sure."

He was easy to walk with because he went so slowly, and his silences were because he did not want to talk, not because he did not want to lower himself by talking to a child. I tried to avoid looking at him as we went along, because every step he took looked like a chore and it bothered me.

We arrived, eventually, at the stream, and walked along it in the snow, side by side, he next to the stream and I on his other side. Suddenly Hiram fell down in the snow with a watery thump. Walking along the stream he had managed to step in a collapsed muskrat hole, full of water, which was made invisible by the snow. In endeavoring to stand up again, he put his other foot into it before I could warn him to be careful. I gave him a hand, but an eight-year-old child could not be much help to a full grown man. His boots were full of water when he finally got out. We sat down and I helped him take his boots off and pour out the water; he did not stop apologizing the entire time between when he fell and when we started back. I kept telling him he did not have to but he kept on anyway.

When we got back to the house, Grandmother was not in the kitchen adjoining the porch, so I helped him off with his coat and boots.

"You'd better change your shoes pretty quick or you'll get a cold," I told him wisely. I felt very important taking over the situation the way Grandmother always did.

"All right." He always did anything anyone ever told him to do. "I'm sorry I put you to so much trouble."

I was uncertain what trouble he meant, but I told him I did not mind anyway, and left him to change his shoes, so I could go out with Daniel to fight Indians.

I do not not know whether Hiram forgot to change his shoes, or whether it was too late to matter whether he did or not, but at dinner time he coughed.

Grandmother was instantly aroused. "Hiram, you've caught a cold. You stayed outside entirely too long this afternoon."

"I'm sorry. I really didn't think I'd stayed out too long. I'm sorry."

I was about to tell Grandmother about the wet shoes but I saw no point in disturbing her further, and besides, she was already out of her seat, hurrying to get the vitamin C pills.

Daniel and I were furious that we had missed the ambulance which had come to take Hiram to the hospital while we were at school. We made a pact that we would never again go to school and miss all the exciting things that happened around home.

Hiram's cold got progressively worse during the five days after he stepped in the water. His temperature had gone up, but Grandmother had refused to call a doctor until it was quite high. She had put him to bed the afternoon after he had gotten his feet wet, and the next day she called the doctor. Over the weekend she kept feeding him pills and syrups and powders and broth, which did not seem to help much, and on Monday the ambulance came, for the doctor had finally decided he had pneumonia.

We children were told very little during his whole illness. Grandmother would not let us see him while he

was there. Even Mother avoided telling us anything.

Besides the answers to our occasional questions about him, nothing more was said of Hiram and his illness.

The whole atmosphere in the house seemed more cheerful. Grandmother was less irritable about things. She did not even mind when I put the cat around my neck and pretended she was a fur piece; not even the cat minded. Mother laughed and made jokes at meal-times. Grandfather told us about his younger days, his experiences at high school and college, some of which were really quite amusing.

A week after the ambulance came, Hiram died.

"Oh, Hello, Miriam. It's very kind of you to come," I heard Grandmother say as she came downstairs. Miriam was a close friend of Grandmother's who lived nearby.

"I came to bring you these. I thought they might help to cheer you up," said Miriam, handing Grandmother a huge bowl of bright colored flowers wrapped in green waxed paper.

"Thank you ever so much. That was really sweet of you. Here, run put these on the piano, will you?" she said, holding them out to me. "Won't you come in for a while."

They came into the living room where Grandfather was sitting reading a magazine, and I was busily peeling off the green paper. Grandfather greeted Miriam; Mother, hearing voices, came in shortly.

"I was terribly sorry to hear that Hiram had passed away," said Miriam, after a pause in which nobody knew quite how to start.

"Yes, it was very sad for all of us," Grandmother's eyes got watery at the corners.

Having finished with the green paper, I walked over to the hassock and sat down with the cat.

"Yes, he was such a wonderful man. He was so good with the children, too" Mother tearfully interjected.

"Oh, my poor brother!" Grandmother dabbed at her eye with a small handkerchief edged with lace.

I picked up the cat and left the room.

Sally Mullins





Russ Hoyle

THE PONY

The wind howled and shrieked like a thing alive. It probed with icy fingers and tore the halter rope from my hand. Its penetration was terrific.

The husky little pony plodded on as though I had ceased to exist. Everything I owned was fastened tightly to his back. He was almost hidden by his burden. I kept stumbling and falling against him, and each time he would look at me more disdainfully, his eyes almost shut to keep out the driving snow. We plodded on. The snow was thicker now and I could see only a few feet ahead. The only sound was the enraged roar of the wind, blocking out any measurement of time.

The pony's pack was slipping sideways so I pulled on the halter rope to stop him. He turned and looked at me with growing contempt, and he stopped.

Slowly I pulled the pack straight and tightened the snow-encrusted ropes. My whole body was tingling with the vibrating storm that might soon encrust me. We went on again, fighting the wind and the snow. My hands were numb, without any feeling at all. The pony took no notice of me. I hurried to keep up with him.

Who will see me die, dear friends—
Who will see me die?
I will die in the night
by the pale moonlight.
And my death—it will come;
Before dawn,
before dawn.
And I'll be out of sight:
I'll be gone.

And who will mourn over me, dear friends—
Pray, who will mourn for me?
Who will cry? Who will moan?
Nay! I'll mourn all alone.
And my death—it will come;
Before dawn,
before dawn.
In the earth I'll be thrown:
I'll be gone.

And who will watch over me, dear friends—
Who will watch over me?
The wind vigil will keep
over me, as I sleep.
And my death—it will come;
Before dawn,
before dawn.
In my slumber so deep:
I'll be gone.

Robin Geist

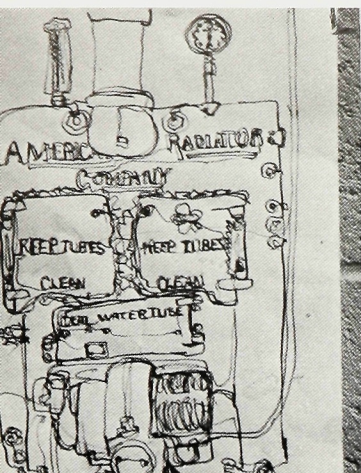
We both knew the danger of stopping on the frozen plain. My hand rested on him heavily. Any strength I had was failing and my need for him was greater than before.

But he was beginning to realize that I was an encumbrance, that he could travel faster without me and would therefore be safer. He was perfectly self-sufficient and mildly detested me. He intensely detested work. I decided he could not be trusted.

I was desperately tired now and afraid that we might be going the wrong way, that we would die and be buried under the drifting snow. I was hardly moving, but the pony knew we must reach shelter. He decided now that I could not make it. He pulled on the rope but my hand tightened. I knew what was happening and at this point, all my emotions spilled out. I started crying hysterically in my struggle. He whirled and struck at me viciously with the desperate cruelty of an animal who knows it's the only way out. With an almost failing heart, I dropped the rope. He dashed away, shaking himself, a demon, the pack slipping off easily. I watched as he vanished into the swirling snow.

Jody Jefferson





CONFUSION!



A ship sails; through a
Sea; clearer than any.

A flower bends; like a
Tree; only less.

A wave moves; like
Wheat; only fresher.

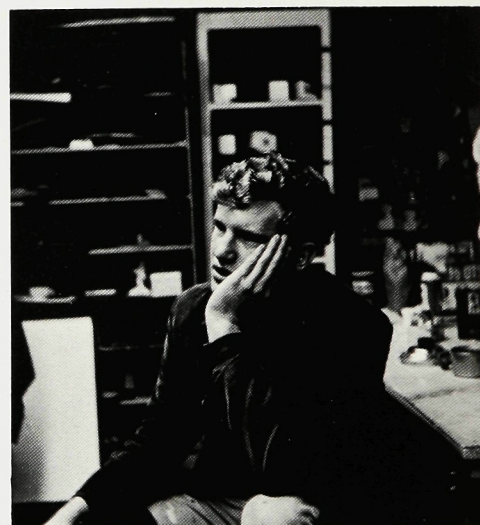
A table stands; as
A house; only cheaper.

A snail smells; like
A fish; only smaller.

A bear's berries; are like
A bluebird's cherries; only happier.

My confusions; are like
Everyone's questions; only stronger.

Pat Christopher

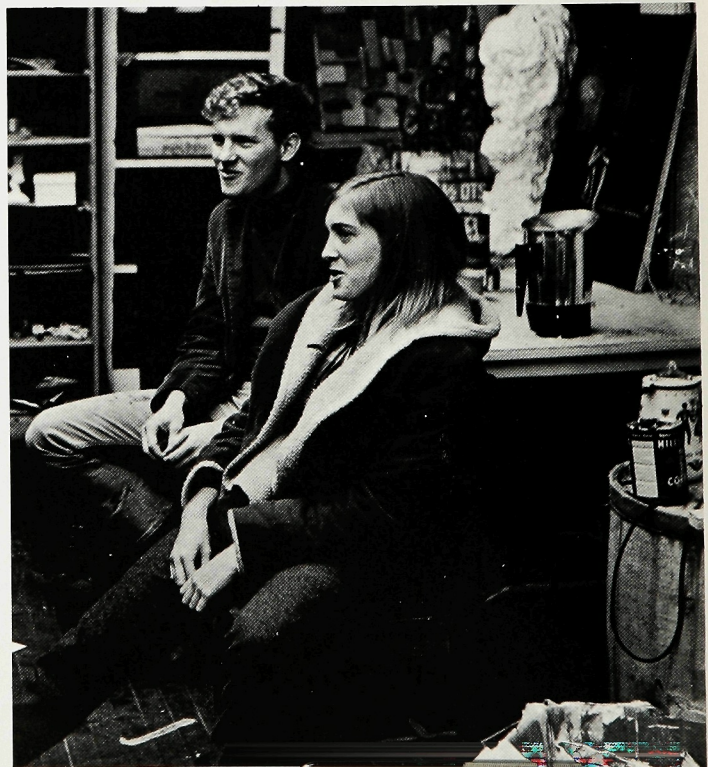
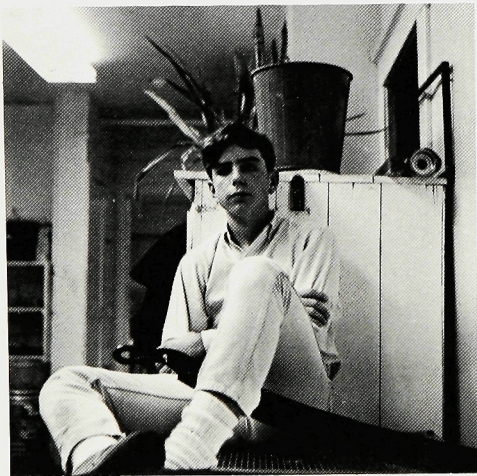
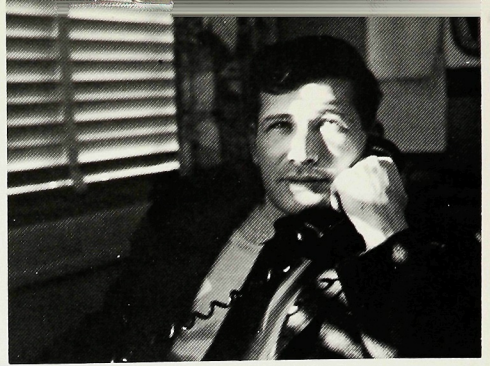




*Susan
Eastman*

Running
in and out and
up and down
one trips, falls, looks up and goes on
running.

Elisabeth Olson



A grey freezing rain left branches bowing down.
Tendrils floresced silver-white by a distant street lamp
Took shapes of frozen fountains and delicate silvered plumes,
Rising from the ice-enameled ground.

Black silhouette and tinsel forms
So natural that I reached for a burnished bough,
Pulling it down close to my face.
It shattered and fell from my hands,
Once familiar resilience gone, no smell of sap.

I longed for a thaw to fill my senses to overflowing,
To thrust my hands into rich black earth
Forcing it under my nails,

Tear an unwilling twig from its trunk,
Grind it between my teeth tasting bitter sap.

But I walked on through crystalline grass beneath frozen shapes.
Still, silent, only beautiful.

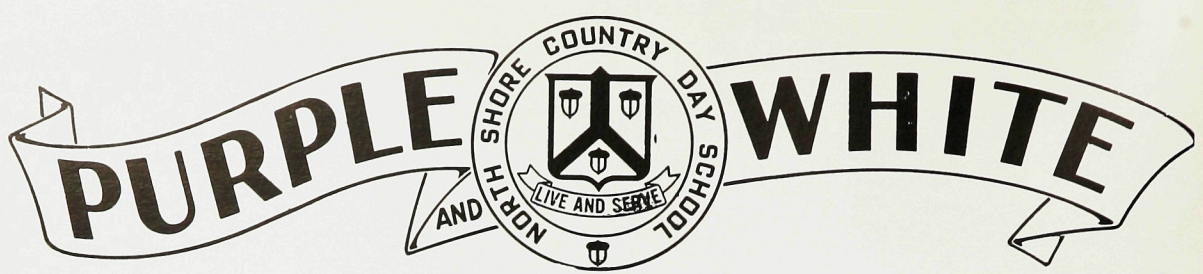
—Gary Perkins



SURF

It is of glass;
Breaking.
The smooth, clean surface is
Broken, smashed, and hurled into an
Atmosphere of salt air. Gnawing
At our globe.

Pat Christopher



A NEW YEAR, A NEW PURP

The Purp, unlike Barry Goldwater, encourages change but not extremism, is liberal and yet not fanatic. The basic revisions within this year's Purp were not, as many think, extreme and arbitrary, but simply logical improvements.

The first decision, to remove pictures of smiles, fleeing arms, fixed poses, and rumbles from the back page, was greeted with contempt by many and acclaimed by relatively few. Layout, however, dictates that pictures should not simply be amassed on the back page, but distributed throughout the issue, and should be relevant to the articles in it. The Sports Page, which interests many, especially the players, should be easily accessible. Therefore, the whole back page is devoted to an article and pictures from the games. Isn't this logical?

The controversy and complaint that flared from the editor's decision to eliminate Senior Spots was even greater, however. "That was one of the best things in The Purp!" "God, now that we're seniors we don't even get our pictures and write-ups in The Purp!"

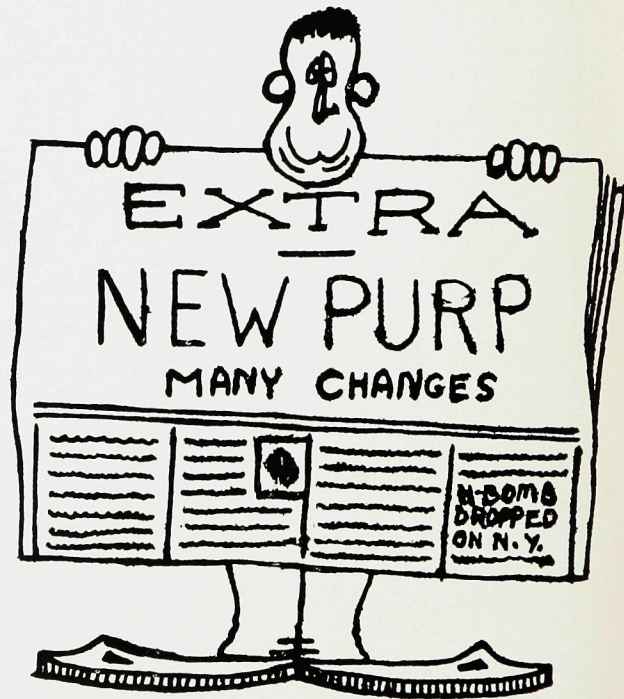
What write-up? O. K., the fact that one likes the Chicago Blackhawks, dislikes the Northfield Police, and had the traumatic experience of being hit over the head with a beer can may be amusing, but nevertheless is a pretty superficial evaluation of that senior. Wouldn't it be more revealing and worthwhile if that senior wrote an article himself? Is it really unrealistic to think that every senior can or would, write an article? These are questions that the editors asked. The conclusion? 1) The Senior Spotlight, as a characterization, as a way to familiarize the underclassmen with the seniors, as an attempt at humor, is both trite and unsuccessful, and something which fails to arouse our enthusiasm. 2) That an article written by that senior is a far better evaluation of him. All right, what do you write? Surely in his seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen years each Senior has thought about something! I've heard equally powerful arguments from the same person maintaining that a G. T. O. is "quick," a girl is "fine", and that U. S. foreign policy is rotten. You can think and you can write. DO IT!

John Hickey, Editor

Why Change for the Sake of Change?
The Voice of an Angry Senior

SCANDAL !!!

Purp plagiarizes from "Punch" ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !



Mental Hospital Trips

Revive

BROKEN THOUGHT

Sometimes at night or in the winter
when my room is dark and cold,
I see in the blackness above my head
people-huddled in corners—
somelaughingsomecryingsomenothing.

... And I think God has seen his mistake
giving the animal emotion:
a sensitivity to everything and nothing.
And he has cried and left us
with only hope in death.

Perhaps the bear is lucky.
He can sleep through the winter months
in the seclusion and warmth of his cave—
with enough time to gather courage
for emergence into light of day.

And when the shadow on my ceiling is
erased by the boldness of the sun,
I find I have lived, also died a bit,
grown through hard felt emotions. . . .
It would be nice to be God.

Toni Harris



Jane Coulter

History teaching should be revolutionized. In the new teaching of history there should be certain elements brought into play which determine a definite perspective to be applied to all subjects throughout one's life.

The first of these should be what one might call, in this world of categories, sociological. History is, in a broad and vital sense, the study of relationships between peoples. Historical climate (the "mood" of a period) is based on how the people at that time feel. Even when history becomes, out of necessity, (i.e. lack of photographs, diaries, written records of "life", etc.) a study of inter-play between governments, we must remember that some type of human social climate produced the governments we see. History is not dates or causes and effects, but rather trends in society, and must be looked on as such in developing a true perspective. The present ultraconservative movement in this country could be attributed to the lack of recognition that people—not just ideals—are variables in history.

Another element which must be considered side by side with this first is economics. I say side by side because there is always a chicken or egg question; did an economic trend come from a social climate or did the social climate come from an economic trend? In either case the economic side has a great deal to do with environment, a major part of history. Again, the recognition that environment does exist is major in our understanding of history. Economics is also essential in understanding the broader relationships between nations. The question of mercantilism versus independence played a major role in the American Revolution; and with a cognizance of what mercantilism meant and its economic implications, we can take a much clearer look at budding countries today. Economics is the foundation, the thing at the bottom of all thought today and has been throughout time.

Closely related to all these is the psychological approach. With psychology still a relatively new field, we must be careful how far we carry this approach. But, at the same time, there have been psychological implications of historical events which have affected history, (eg. Great Depression of 1929). Psychology, of course, is closely bound with sociology, and this affinity should be recognized.

Perhaps here would be the best time to say that in developing historical perspective, these specifics cannot be divorced.

They are part and parcel of one thing, history. Sociology, psychology, anthropology, economics—these must all be brought into play as one. Ideally, a complete and deep understanding of history would come from a thorough study of each of these, but since this is probably not possible, some understanding of each can come from a broader

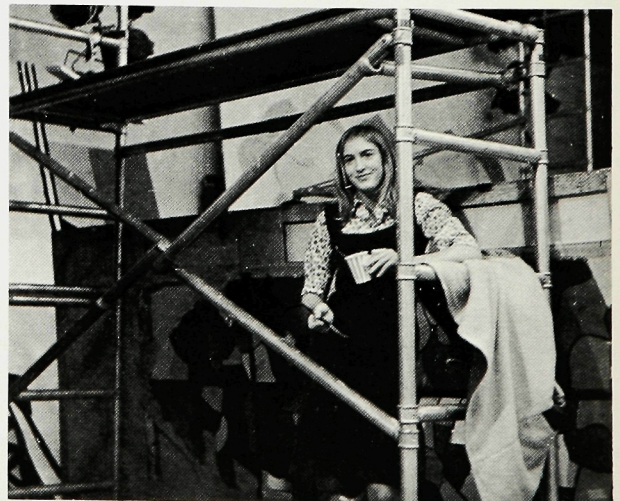
perspective on history. If one were absolutely centered on history, these names would not even be mentioned. After all, what are these but studies of different aspects of life taken from historical precedent? They are only bits and pieces, but put together they equal the study of man. This is what history should be.

Carrying this even further, there should not be courses such as Medieval History, English History and U.S. History.

There should be only World History which follows in time and is taught throughout school. Every time should be taught as a continuation of the time before. Little work has yet been done in this direction, but books such as **The Rise of the West**, by McNeill are a beginning. Here are shown the trends throughout time and the continuity of relationships, rather than the divorced, almost provincial developments. It is most important to teach history with this world approach because it is true and gives more than a one-sided view. Countries do not develop on their own. If we were to take into account the tremendous diffusion of European culture brought into this country in the 1800's, we would have a much better understanding of why we are what we are, both now and historically. Few people take into consideration the idea that John Kennedy might not have been what he was without his immigrant Irish background, and just as few consider the tremendously mixed heritage we have grown with. The U.S. did not just become; it grew, related to others. A world historical approach is essential in a mature understanding of the present.

Perspective is the essence of understanding of self, country, and world. The economist is bogged down by his obsession with trade, the philosopher with ideals, the historian with dates, and the psychologist with a dependence on emotions. But with the knowledge that all of these exist and are the essences of our lives, we can proceed to learn about history, and hence man, with an idea that there may actually be truth.

Audrey Kuh



The sodden, down-ploddin, trodden generation;
 Depleted and sterile like the land beneath,
 Bellows and howls in fruitless effort as the
 Dust winds of the parched twenties.
 Confident in their temporary exaltation—
 Falling
 An imperceptible speck of innate dust
 Into the conquered darkness—
 Up to the void of uncertainty—
 Beyond to the era of despair.

In rot-lined gutters the world fitfully moans
 And thinks thoughts uncomprehending.
 Peachfuzz, grey matter, stiff and disabled
 Suspended in the sullen graveyard of the mind.
 An ambivalence,
 An apathy of life and inhumanity flourish and
 Bloat. The spring of the classic, overstuffed
 Chair gives way; swelled prosperity succumbs to
 Depression.

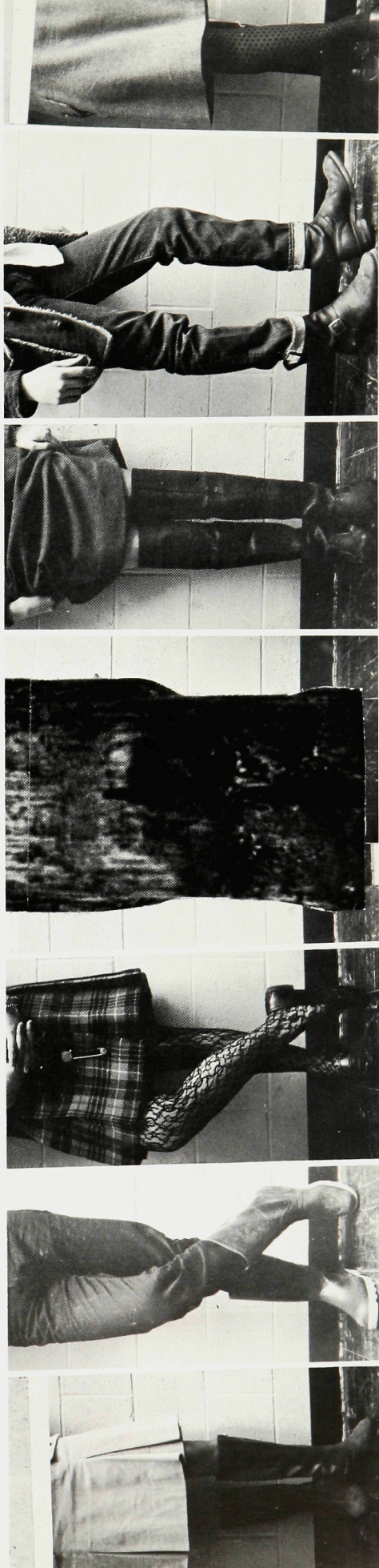
The world has given birth anew—
 A one-celled, ego-centric creation, circumscribed
 By the unwavering bounds of the mass media.
 With rhetorical madness,

It
 Disagrees, agrees, expounds, analyzes,
 Elaborates, confuses, (itself and others)
 Into believing deep, profound basises.
 Different only as
 Wood to iron
 Thatch to granite
 Cheese cloth to glass
 A false sense of brilliance—
 Malignancy spreads and complicates . . .
 Pink innocence.

Under a starless night—
 A dead moon glitters against pennies suspended
 In speckled glass.

Eventual reality.

T. Derek Tennant



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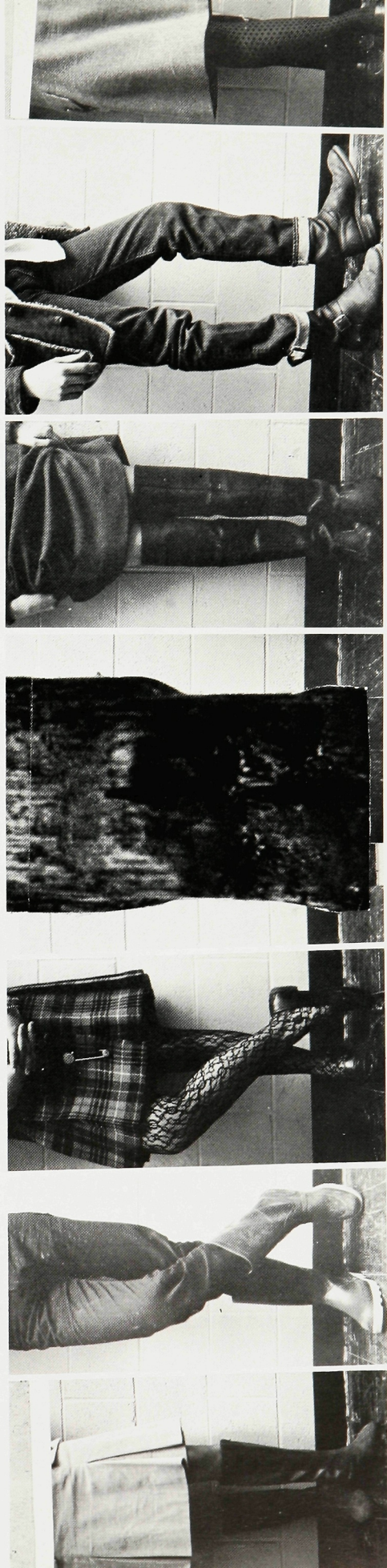
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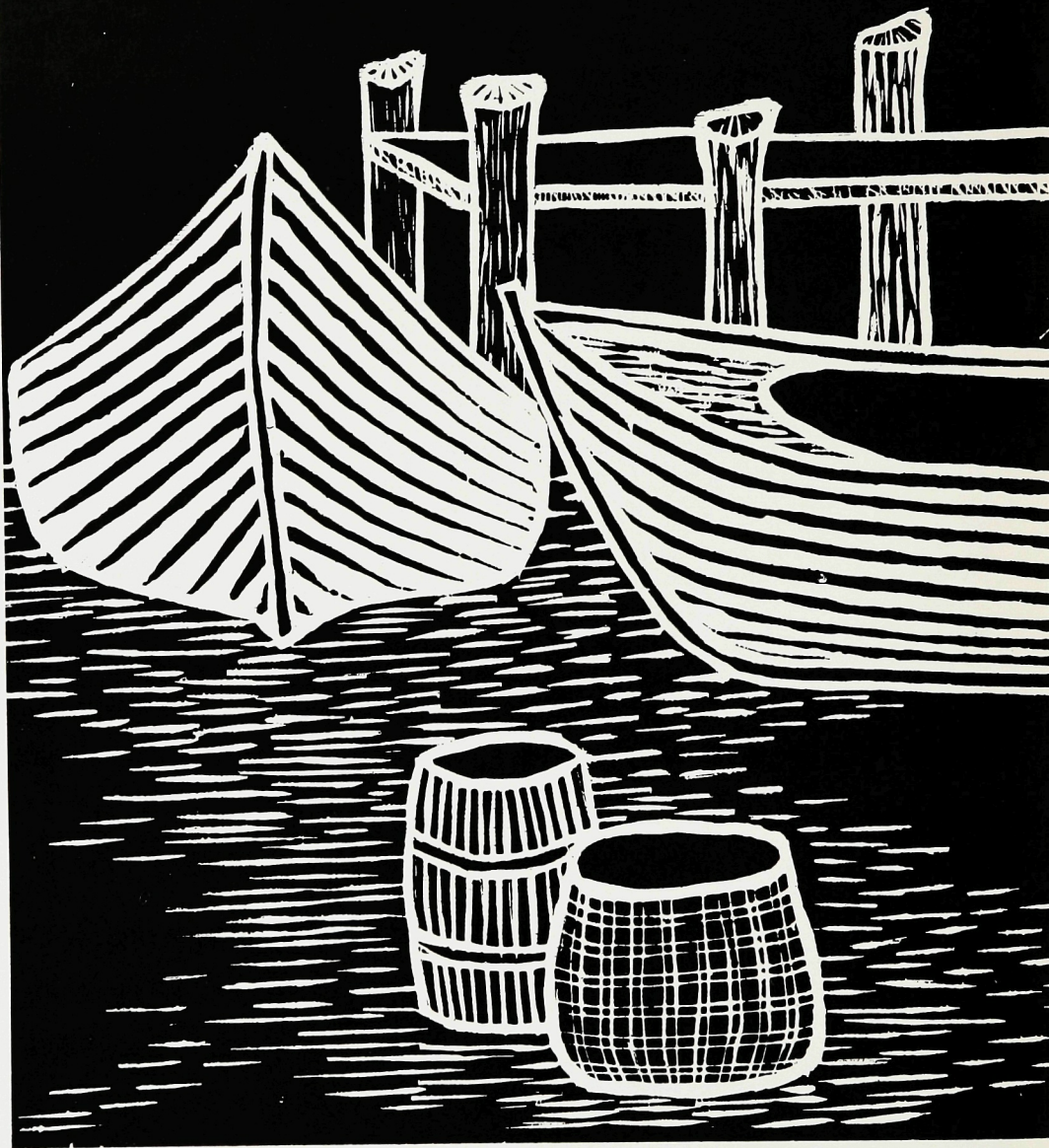
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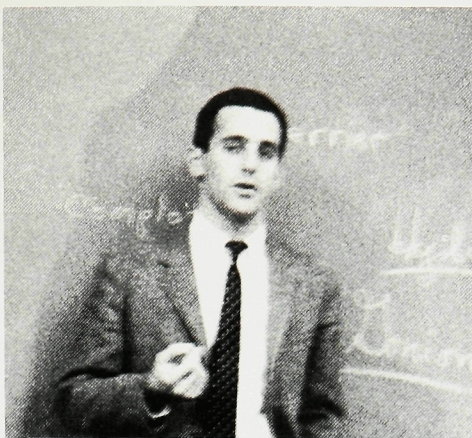
Gary Perkins

TRADEWIND

And soon the merciless wind of March
will soften to an April breeze.
The stinging air and winter sky
That once forewarned of storms to come
Transform once more to fragrant mist.
Majestic flowers and luscious grass
Will grace the earth with warmth and peace,
And Nature will read sonnets of love
To budding leaves and singing birds . . .
Enchanted Spring will come to set
To music, lives which lost their hope
Among the winter's broken dreams.
Yet I would give up all of this
If you were coming back.



Footle



D. Roberts



Aggens



Bergen



Ober



Haridge



John Almqvist



Richard Lacey



Frank Wallace



John Woodbury



THE NORTH SHORE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

presents

PATIENCE

by

Gilbert and Sullivan

CAST

The names appearing last indicate Saturday night cast

The Lady Angela Barbara Kaufman
Catherine Groves

The Lady Ella Ellen Rygh
Margaret Lynde

The Lady Saphir Katherine Severson
Lucy Hadsall

The Lady Jane Patricia Keel
Kay Zeller

Patience Katherine Gardner
Angeline Galbraith

Colonel Calverley James Nesler

Lt. The Duke of Dunstable Thomas Browne
Robert Wilcox

Major Murgatroyd Bruce Jarchow
William Davis

Reginald Bunthorne Peter Wilson
John Darrow

Archibald Grosvenor Peter Bowes
Richard Richards

Solicitor Charles Schweppe

Chorus of Rapturous Maidens and Dragoon Guards

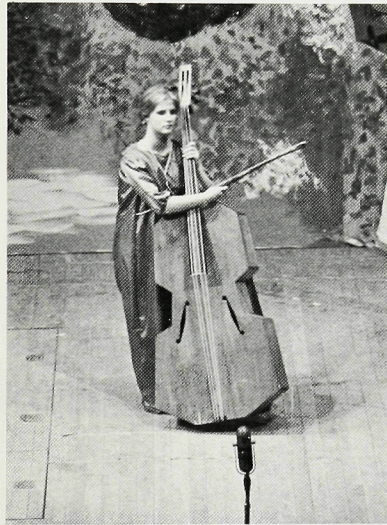
Musical Director Mr. Vincent B. Allison

Assistant Musical Director Frederick Croft

Stage Director Mrs. Lionel A. Waisman

Assistant Stage Director Elizabeth Waldman







Ninth Grade

FRONT ROW: Blake Allison, George Dern, Pete Thompson, John Samuels.

SECOND ROW: Frank Soule, Ed Green, Mat Watrous, Pat Christopher, Harle Damman, Tom Ross.

THIRD ROW: Bruce Rosenzweig, Marcia Durling, Sally Green, Fred Loomis, Chip Moses, Steve Wilcox.

FOURTH ROW: Joel Parshal, Sam Greeley, Susie Fox, Judy Price, Tom Browne, David Misch, Magill Lynde.

FIFTH ROW: Bruce Barber, Cindy Babson, Paul Sommer, Kathy Galt, Marnie Rogers, Di Gillispie, Robin Geist, Sandy Locke, Debby Massey, Kathy Mullins, Joan Rockwell.

SIXTH ROW: Paul Florian, Bill Judkins, Jack Wilson, Debby Dunn, Barbie Carton, Skip Wood, Fay Donohue, Judy Nevins.

SEVENTH ROW: Bill Harridge, Sandy McAlister, Jodie Jefferson, Susan Goldsmith, Susan Askow, Debby Woodward, Michelle Booz, Dunny Creigh.

Tenth Grade

FRONT ROW: Carolyn Victor, Wickie Loomis, Pussy Harper, Ruth Swenson.

SECOND ROW: Barb Haight, Francie de Peyster, Joannie Gately, Susie Cranage, Kathy Severson, Ceci Ewen, Lorrie Dille, Betsy Waldman, Randy Miller, Pam Anderson.

THIRD ROW: Rob Mayer, Martin Jack, Fred Croft, Lee Milliken, Janie Bulger, Meg Delaney, Ann Gougler, Marion Dietzgen, Eliza Howe, Courtney Kling, John Menk, Melinda Smyth.

FOURTH ROW: Nat Howard, John Church, Paul Logan, Bill Brickman, Dick Lane, Tom Stibolt, Frannie Winston, Debbie Vainder, Paul Fairbank, Scott Heitman, Skeets Millard, Chris Weld.

FIFTH ROW: Jim Emrich, Stuart Pettingell, Pete Watrous, Charlie Schweppe, Tison Keel, John Moreschi, Bill Harper, Jim Darrow, Bruce Tideman, Howie Strong.





Eleventh Grade

FRONT ROW: Beth Nichols, Kendra Pfisterer, Susie Eastman, Bill Ditkowsky, Bob Butler, Ed Stanton, Anne Pugh, Steve Babson, Mitchell Dalton, Teddie Fitzmorris.

SECOND ROW: Chuck Ban, Sara Greeley, Eloise Kent.

THIRD ROW: Joanne Feushmann, Cindy Wilkinson, Hub Stern, Jim Marcus, Anne Sutherland, Susie Elliot, Barb Kaufman, Bill "Big Daddy" Fowle, Ted Mouzakeotis, Mike Brickman, John Kollar, Marty Baach, Chuck Bartholomay, Josie Atkinson, Steve Reinhold.

FOURTH ROW: Bob Wilcox, Pete Wilson, Lea Durham, Carol Howard, Robie Weary, Di Harper, Jane Coulter, Boo Bradford, Barbie Bulger, Courtney Hurd, Scott Preece, Tap Merrick, Liddy Marcus, Tod Sinding, Jane Drake, Barbie Wells.

BACK ROW: John Flanzer, Bob Kentor, Bruce Jarchow, Jerry Gordon, Chris Johnson, Pete Garrison.

I have been asked to provide some comments introductory to the next section of this journal. I hope the editors will not chastise my lack of originality if, instead of speaking from my own little experience of life, I commend to them several verses selected from "Eine Ode an Dem Hochstrebenden Student"¹ (Ode To the Aspiring Student) by the singular German Professor der Allerlei-Wissenschaft, von Diog. Teufelsdröckh. J.U.D. etc. .

While lately rereading this fine poem I was struck by its singular appropriateness to the topic which I had been asked to consider—its timeless insight into the quality of youth. The poem (Teufelsdröckh's only work in verse) considers in its seventy three stanzas the frankness and openness of heart which characterize written expressions of the young and aspiring: their refusal to be cowed by "alten knöpfe" (conservative elders) and the uncompromising sincerity of their sentiments. The particular occasion for the writing of "Eine Ode an dem Hochstrebenden Student" was the publication at the gymnasium in Weissnichtwo of die Jährliche Zeitschrift of which the poet's nephew was editor.

Teufelsdröckh begins his Ode in the heroic style:²

Discover to my wit, Oh Gentle Muse,
What words of wisdom one ought to impart,
What childish acts of mischief to excuse;

With what unsentimental twist of heart
The poet's eulogy should speak the praise
Of fifty three odd pilgrims and their ways.

He then considers these several questions (stanzas 2-9) and arrives (stanza 10) at the point of dedication:

Lest those whose souls within these pages lie
Discover them anew in attic days
And, blushing with a sentimental eye,

With careful thoughts disparage careless
ways;
I dedicate this essay to my friends
To justify the ways of youth to men.

The formal business of the poem out of the way, the poet considers his subject:

Say first what spirits plotting here below
Devote their secret craft to wooing youth
From moderation's path, and then bestow

Ask next which sister Muse inspires each
To draw from out his catacomb of mind
These thoughts which prudent judgment
kept from reach,

Their sanction on a fitful search for truth.
With what sly craft they lead our youth astray
Regaling them with frivolous array.

And, through her inspiration made him then
Inscribe these banal sighs with ball point
pen.³

Because of limited space we will not be able to follow here the delightful development of these thoughts (stanzas 13-33). (I recommend them enthusiastically to you in the original German.) Instead we will proceed to stanza 34 where Teufelsdröckh particularizes the rebellious sincerity of youth with reference to the editors' encounter with traditional forms (which had hitherto characterized the publication) and their proponents. Again the poet assumes the heroic pose:

Discourse then, Ceremony, for our sake
On how senile tradition passed away,
How secret vows were taken at her wake

To have her martyred bones put on display;
Exposing Innovation to the town
Protesting usurpation of her crown.

Stanzas 35-40 explore the implications of this event and then the poet returns (with that impeccable organization which characterizes his work) to discourse on line three of stanza one (see above). A series of slightly chiding, but poignant observations follow. I have selected from them, to close, two which seem to me appropriate:

Praise next their generosity of soul
To loan and borrow books without despair
In finding that the owner's writing told
As little of the narrative as theirs.
Here surely is a testament of care:
To share in ignorance but still to share.

Sing proudly of the planting of the seeds
Of interest in literature's field of corn
A Bond of lasting friendship which exceeds
E'en that gold band upon the finger worn:
A lasting sentiment from these with love
To him who swam below the duck above.⁴

¹Published by: Stillschweigen und Co., Weissnichtwo, 1831.

²Throughout these following stanzas I must apologize for my imprecise translations which at no point do justice to the German beautiful originals.

³Originally "goose-quill" (die gansefeder). I have substituted the modern equivalent for the sake of making the significance more immediate.

⁴One modern critic, Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, has insisted that there is here contained "a reference to an obscure author, contemporary with Teufelsdröckh". The author's identity still remains unknown, however, "probably owing to the relative insignificance of his works".



Jazz, classics, procrastination, enthusiasm, Emerson, Updike, math, history, art, incoordination, one mass of contrasts, and all part of me. Dilletante extrodinaire. I love people, but don't like to **know** many of them; I like to think intellectually and hate the idea of being an intellectual. This is me. I'm going to teach, I'm going to be a sociologist, I'm going to write, I'm going to be a psychologist, I'm going to be a mother and bring up the best children in the world, I'm going to marry a man with a wide jaw (no braces for the kids!), a dishwasher, and a yacht, I'm going to marry a diplomat, I'm going to marry a teacher, I'm going to do social work, I'm going to be me. What do I care about now? Right now, Nothing. Tomorrow, history. Next day, Thomas Mann. What do I enjoy doing most? Getting things across. How? By acting, writing, speaking. The greatest thing in the world is hearing a good response to anything. Where do these questions end? I ask myself the same questions over and over, and I get different responses every time. I don't see anything wrong with that either. One of the premises of my life is that I have time, so very much time, to come to conclusions, and that I need the foundations of knowledge to come to them. Time and a half for that, I need never stop learning. Oh, baby! Listen to this stuff! What an idealist! Tomorrow will be today in twenty four hours, I may want time and believe in it, but that's not the way we work. Cool it! Dabbler par excellence!

ROBERT CLARK GERAGHTY

"People are too quick to judge others. They put too much emphasis on first impressions. People are much more complex and delicate than most realize. If I am to be a complete person, I must observe, question, and realize, before attempting to fully understand. There is good in all people; one must approach with an open mind. A second chance for everyone, and perhaps for yourself, is essential."

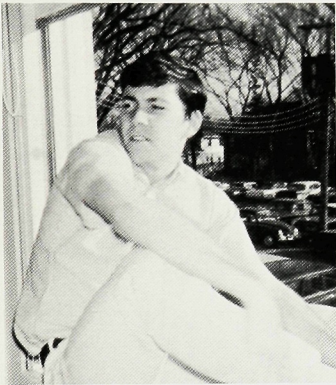


"Bob. . . finds something he likes in everyone . . . sensitive, logical . . . excellent subtle humor . . . although he won't admit it, he likes and is challenged by responsibility . . . while working, Bob is quiet and reserved . . . takes on an intellectual air."

What is my joy if all hands, even the unclean, can reach into it? What is my wisdom, if even the fools can dictate to me? What is my freedom if all creatures, even the botched and the impotent, are my masters? What is my life, if I am but to bow, to agree, and obey?

Ayn Rand

"I have an implacable enemy—time. As I see each year clamor past, my ideas and opinions grow stronger, my purpose in life dimmer. Perhaps I should make a desperate attempt to grasp life in its entirety, to stand straight and resolute, to state my ideas, opinions and philosophy to all the world."



"Derk . . . a warm mixture of impulse and responsibility . . . a thoughtful friend with an open mind and heart . . . not openly enthusiastic, but he secretly cares."

ELLEN M. RYGH

"I like to be together with good friends, but quite often I feel like being by myself. In Norway, I often walk alone through the woods."



"Ellen's warm personality and friendly smile made everyone like her at once . . . she has to walk fast, either because her watch is slow or she's forgotten where she's supposed to be . . . she wants to do everything at the same time. ."



"I love being an A.F.S. student at North Shore. I feel that everyone has been willing to accept me, they seem anxious to make me feel at home and to give me a wonderful time."

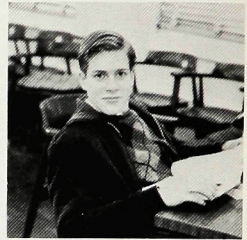
WARREN STETSON AMES



"I have gained an inkling of the meaning of my existence through my relationships with people. I value friendships very dearly . . . they give security and order to life. To travel and to realize a meaningful, satisfying life are my goals."

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost



"Stets . . . usually quiet and shy . . . logical and rational . . . subtle humor . . . expresses his thoughts with strength and clarity."

ELISABETH ANNE OLSON

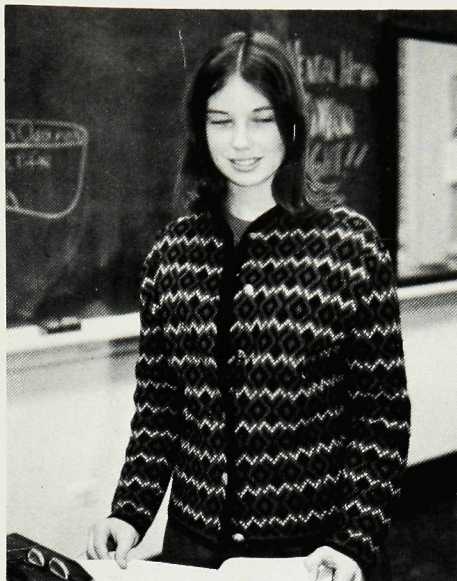


"I'm quiet and I like to sit back, listen to people and think about what they are saying. I don't agree with the saying "If you can't express it, you don't know it." There is something there, I can feel it. I value learning because I hope to learn why and what I feel. I love to laugh and make people happy."

Although I do not know
At all whether anything
Honorable deigns to be there.
Yet in extreme awe
My tears well forth.
Hoshi

"Elisabeth is very sensitive, easy to talk with, and open to criticism—a loyal, unselfish friend."





If I can't be myself,
then why should I be at
all?

My smile is my best
friend, it may be the
hardest thing to do
sometimes but it makes
me and others happier.

In front of the foot-
lights I can be a laugh-
ing clown or rag doll, a
singing Zorah or a cry-
ing Sabina.

My greatest interest is
people, their ideas and
feelings, and trying to
help them when I can.



"I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know
I want to be able as the days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done."

Author unknown.

WILLIAM BOOTH DAVIS



"The world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste
our powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon!

The Sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;

The winds that will be howling at
all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleep-
ing flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out
of tune;

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd
rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I standing on this pleasant
lea,

Have glimpses that might make me
less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn.

—William Wordsworth



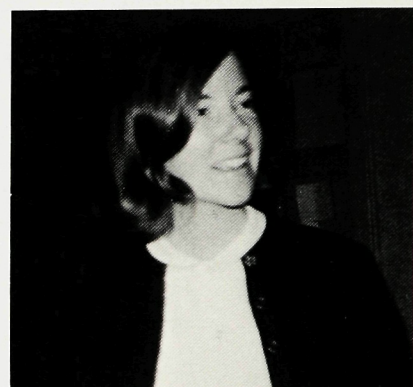
Qui sum? Quis sum? Quis ero?



When I was a child, I questioned as a child, I laughed as a child, I was impulsive as a child: but now that I am sixteen, I have done my best to retain my childish ways. For then we saw through a glass darkly, but now most see not at all.

"Wouldn't it be ace to have a little tree house and you could go up there and study and no one would know and you'd be all alone . . ."

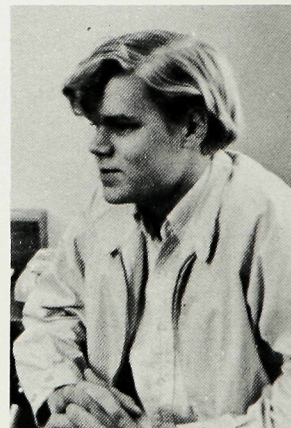
"She cares little for traditions . . . her self-assurance and self-righteousness are sometimes carried to extremes . . . she will not tolerate faults in herself or others . . . she knows where she is going and will get there in her own honest, stubborn way."



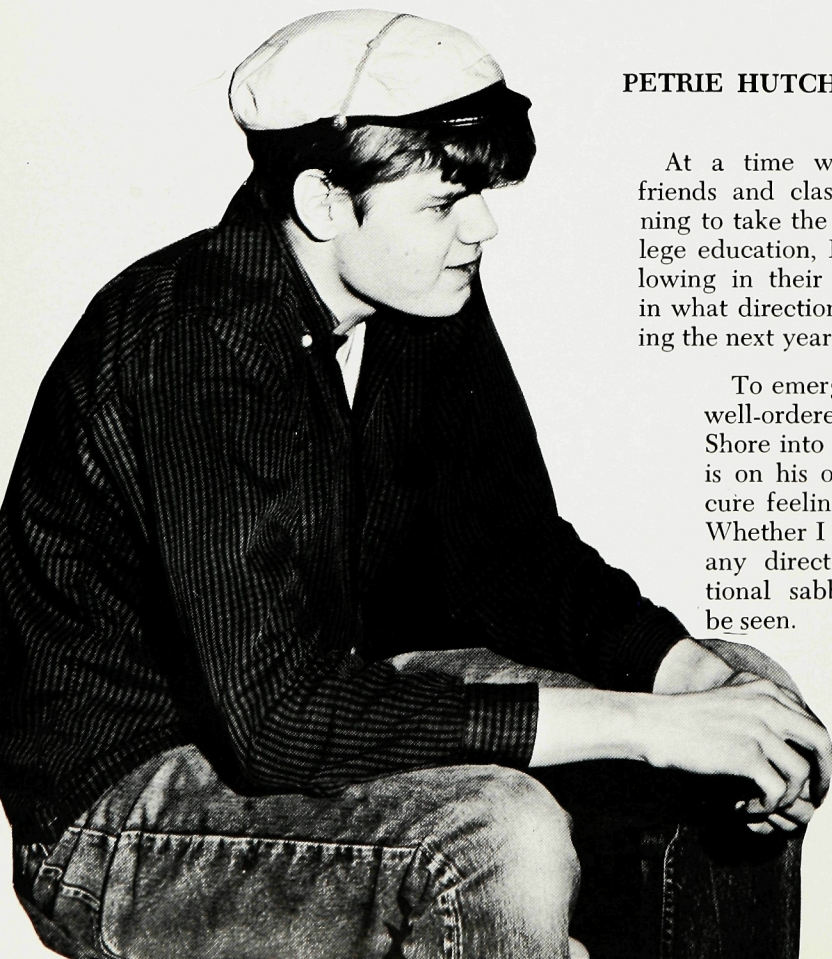
PETRIE HUTCHINSON

At a time when most of my friends and classmates are beginning to take the step toward a college education, I, who am not following in their footsteps, wonder in what direction I will travel during the next year or two.

To emerge from the secure, well-ordered world of North Shore into a world where one is on his own, gives an insecure feeling, to say the least. Whether I will be able to find any direction in my educational sabbatical remains to be seen.

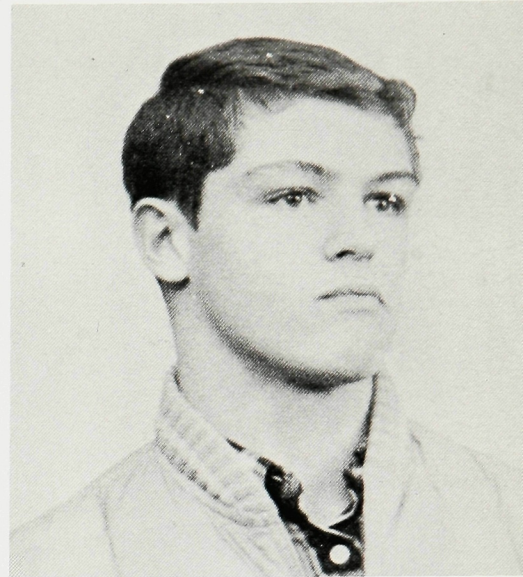
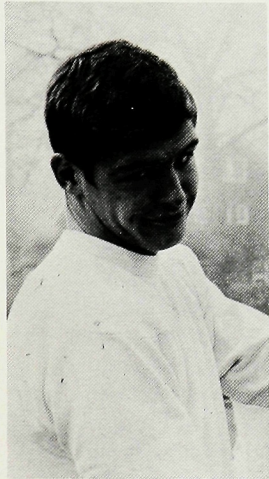


My years at North Shore will probably be most leisurely but whether or not they will be my fondest memories also remains to be seen.



Too often I find myself bothered by little things I should despise and forget. Perhaps she didn't say hello today in the halls or I didn't receive the grade I thought I deserved on that last English paper. And I worked so hard on it, too.

Too often I feel so strongly about such petty disappointments that I lose their perspective. What a waste of time when in a week, a month, they are forgotten. Life really is "too short to be little", to be lived without perspective and a sense of humor.



"My object in life is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done."

From Robert Frost's
"Two Tramps in Mud Time"

KATHRYN ELIZABETH EDWARDS

"... My instinct tells me my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and forepaws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts . . ."

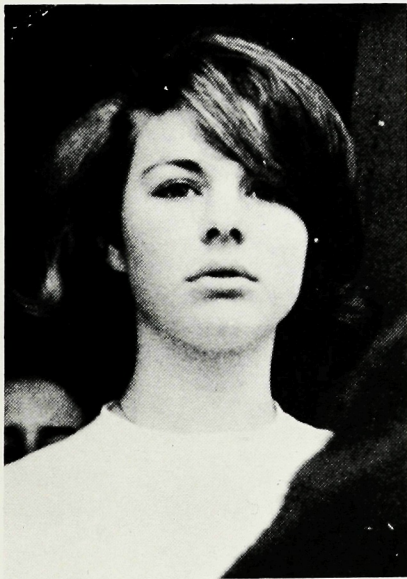
Thoreau—Where I Lived and What I Lived For

I am two people: a careless girl and a student. Senior year I have begun to use my mind, to go beyond the superficial and attempt self-expression.

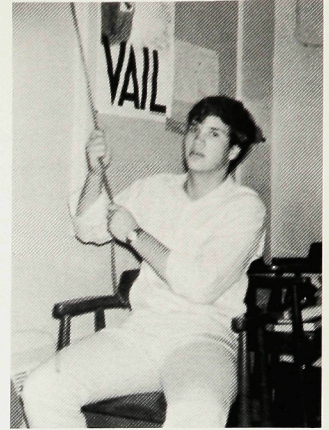
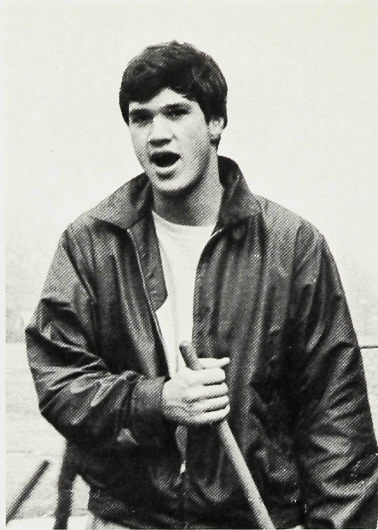
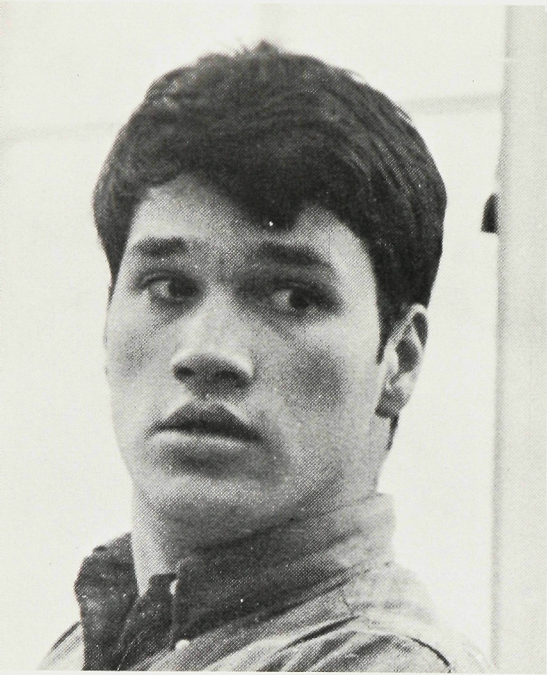
One image is so overpowering as to deny any other aspect of my personality.

Realize, cope with, resolve a problem, then forget.

Don't merely dunk oneself, but be immersed in brightness-laugh-yet now I am seeing the serious, the thoughtful, I am taking my thoughts a step further. I wonder, though, as I grow, how I can combine the two aspects of my personality.



SAUNDERS MASON



S. Mason's outlook on life is a positive one, but how can a high school senior expound on life? In my opinion it is almost impossible. At this stage Life to me is just living day to day and trying to get the most of what I do. There is something in my nature that makes me a sort of clown, and I admit I do like to make people laugh. Maybe this is because I enjoy other people. One can learn a great deal by observing other people and getting to know them. By seeing the good and the bad traits of others you can take a truthful look at yourself.

KATHERINE ABBÉ GARDNER



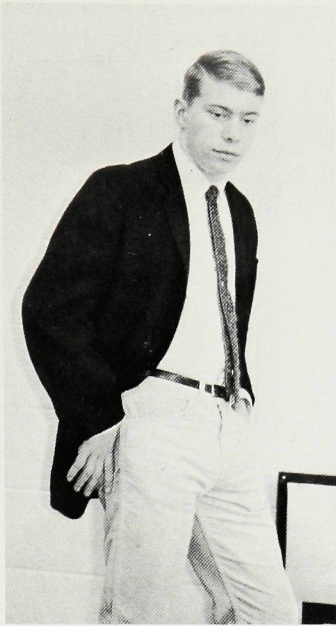
"When you part from your friend you grieve not, For that which you love in him may be clearer in his absence as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain."

Kahlil Gibran

True friends really do exist. Although sometimes I feel that a friendship is not worth the pain and misunderstanding that can develop, a true friend is worth a lot.

I wish I could be a stronger person and develop in myself traits that I admire in others. If people will accept, instead of label, it may all be possible.

RICHARD STEEL RICHARDS



I have been known by the car I drive, my interest and activities in Gymnastics, and my participation in the annual Gilbert and Sullivan opera. As for my car, I now have a new one. Gymnastics I will carry on in college, and operas will be over with graduation and become memories of my days at North Shore.

TONI LEE HARRIS



I am me
That's plain to see.
Sometimes I'm me on the top of a tree
Or down on the bottom of the sea.
Once after a show on T.V.
I wanted to be a vitamin C.
No sense to be you when I'm me.
Some people are other's cup of tea
But I'm just me.



The most important part of living is looking out for others' emotions and burying our own.

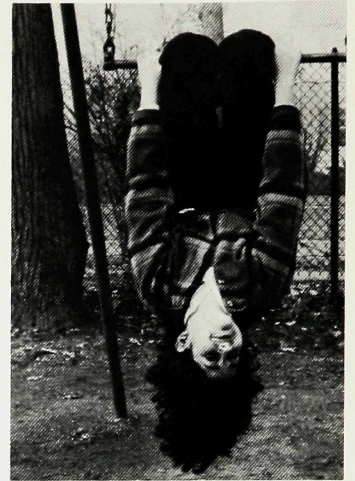
"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself."

from Leaves of Gold



There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces
that you meet;
There will be time to murder and
create,
And time for all the works and days
of hands
That lift and drop a question on
your plate;
. . . . and indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare . . .
Disturb the universe?"
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a
minute will reverse.

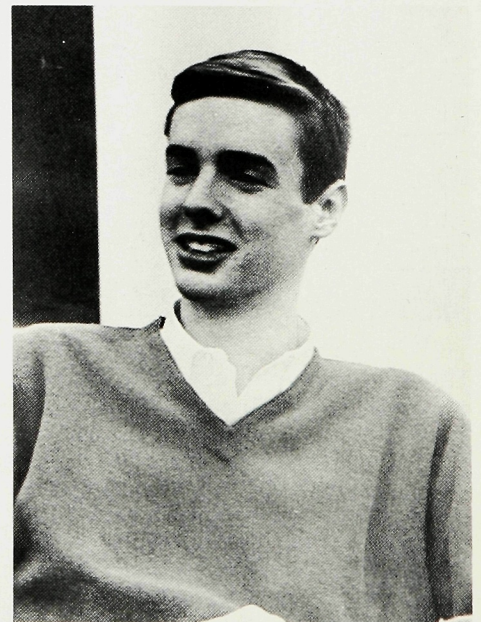
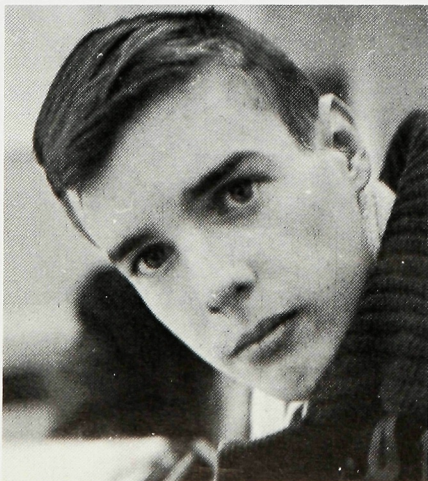
T. S. Eliot



Every year will increase the number of decisions I must make, but I've never been less capable of decision. I've been taught to question, doubt, examine; now every decision involves an often endless conflict between my high, often unrealistic, standards, and this critical attitude. Consequently? I have been labeled disorganized and pessimistic. I'm never really satisfied. How then, can I make decisions for others; "be responsible" I wish I could have time, free from pressures and worries, to think about myself; to reason out the answers to decisions. But it seems as if there's never enough time . . .

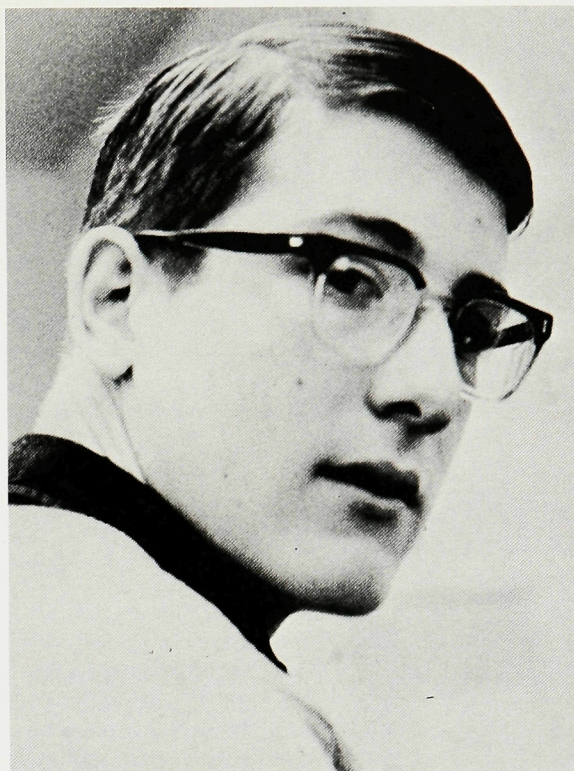
WALTER BRADFORD METCALF III

My unique approach to education, which has baffled all of those who tread these hallowed halls of learning will surely never be equalled or missed. Despite my individualistic approach, assimilation of knowledge was inevitable, and I feel an aura of success floating above my crew-cut. I am deciding the presidency of Marshall Field's or shall it be Metcalf, Merrill, Lynch, etc. . As I whip my '75 Cadillac into the parking lot at our tenth reunion, kowtow! . . .

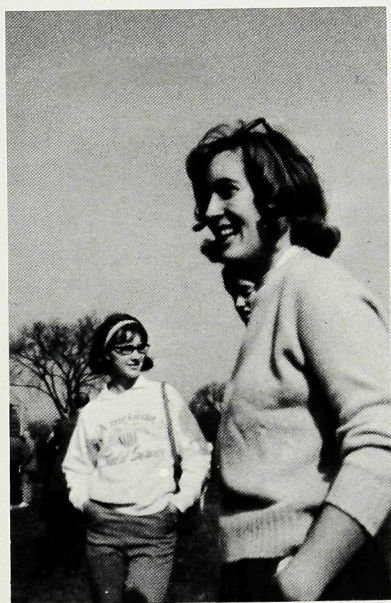


"Lord give me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the differ-

In my six years at north I have seen our class be come more and more like every other graduating class. The kooks were dropped and the radicals and reactionaries had their rough edges cut off. Our class will become doctors, lawyers, scientists, and probably very good ones. We will become constructive citizens of tomorrow's Winnetkas. The question is: do we want to content ourselves with being successful, "accepted" citizens. It's not necessarily the good, "regular" guy who invents the steam engine or develops the theory of relativity. It's the kook, who doesn't fit in the mold, the William Faulkner or the Van Gogh who keeps us from becoming stuck with our sterile satisfaction and self-love. Perhaps if we kept more kooks, and maybe left a few rough edges, we'd be doing the world a greater service.



POLLY STEEL



I am not one person or one type of person-no one is. To different people I am different and to myself, at various times, I am different. A person is made up of so many experiences and conflicting attitudes, it is impossible for anyone to know anyone else completely, or even for a person to know himself. Life is a series of events when a person tries to come to know himself and others.

Within the last year I have started thinking about my ideas and what they mean to me. I don't think I have become so sure of them that I can express them yet. I'm still searching for ones I know I believe in.

In this white world that reaches the sky,
I've found a future for me,
Just standing there on a high mountain side,
I'm ruler of all I can see.
For my skis are the things that give me my wings
And make me an eagle and free.



LEE JAY STRAUSS



He loved life, for everything was before him. He had rolled the dice and they had turned up twelve. Now he was eager to play the game.

He felt himself like other people and delighted in a sense of fraternity. He felt himself unique and revelled in his own complexity.

It was all new to him: the mystery, the joy and the frustration. The ideals of the world lay open to be accepted, rejected, or compromised.

The future contained his life and he waited impatiently.

Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

—Andrew Marvell



PAMELA JANE KIMBALL

For thine is the Kingdom
Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long
Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the decent
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom
For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper
T. S. Eliot



I feel I am an unwilling intellectual dilettante due to strenuous circumstances such as meeting 'certain requirements' essential for admission to college. Recently having actually become 'intellectually curious' about so many fields and ideas suggested in the courses I've taken, it is a disappointment not to be able to leisurely follow through with these interests.

Many would say my problem is that I'm unorganized—the injustice!

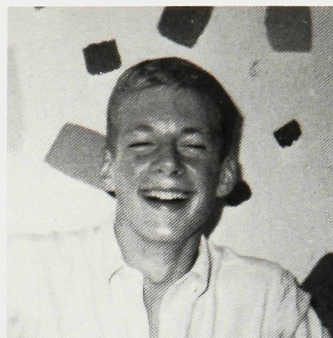
Unfortunately, I still do not fully understand myself and my ultimate desires, for it seems every goal I strive for loses its attraction at its final achievement. This can be a frustration!

My main goal in life is to join "The Great Society" ! ! !



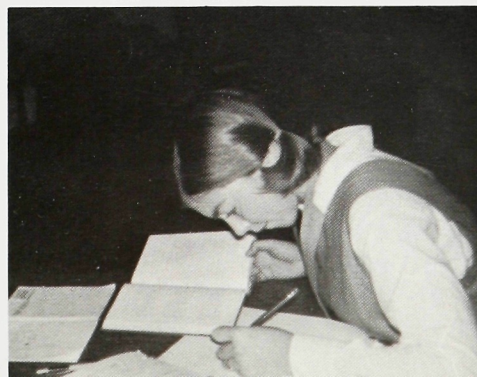
High school formulates ideals, plans for the future, and a new perspective of life. My dream of becoming a ski-instructor now appears ridiculous and out of reach since senior year shocked me into realism. No longer can I be content to bang away on my guitar, strap on my Head Competitions, or browse through one of Ian Fleming's thrillers. Now, instead of taking things for what they are and just doing what I enjoy, I have to look for the deep psychological implications of everyday occurrences and search for the hidden meaning of each book I read.

I hope to remedy this situation when I leave high school by becoming an engineer or scientist of sorts. Then I can retreat to my little laboratory, experiment to my heart's delight, and continue reading thought-provoking material by Ian Fleming.



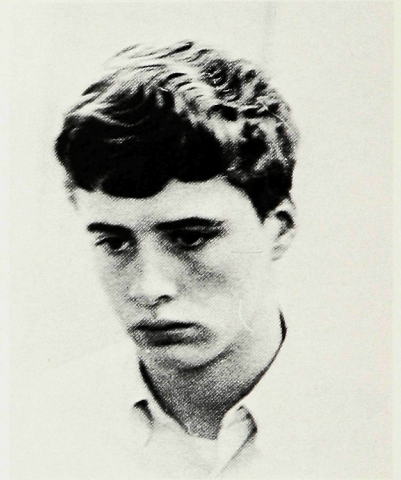
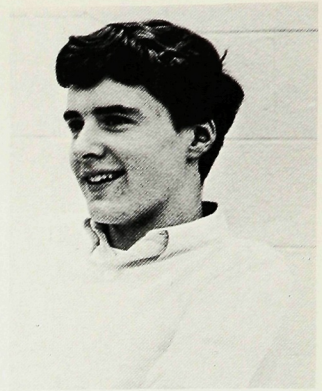
SALLY ANNE MULLINS

Once I woke up in the middle of the night and wrote a poem because I felt like it. And when I told somebody about it, he picked up the phone to call the looney bin.



JOHN TAIT HICKEY

I went to North Shore Country Day School. I was told that Winnetka is a cultural wasteland. It is, but the person who told me still remains and goes on expensive ski trips to Aspen. I have read arguments that the man makes the times and the times makes the man; that history is a gradual evolution and that it is only circular; that the direct cause of World War II was economic, political, and psychological. I wonder how much closer to the "truth" I am than when I was "brain washed" into accepting a flawless image of George Washington in fourth grade. In art minor I studied painting by Da Vinci, Watteau, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Serat, Picasso, and Mondrien. I wonder which style of painting was closer to the "truth". Nada, nada, nada. "The assurance of a coherent universe is essential," but unrealistic.

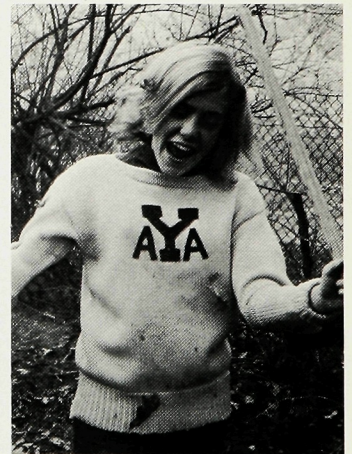
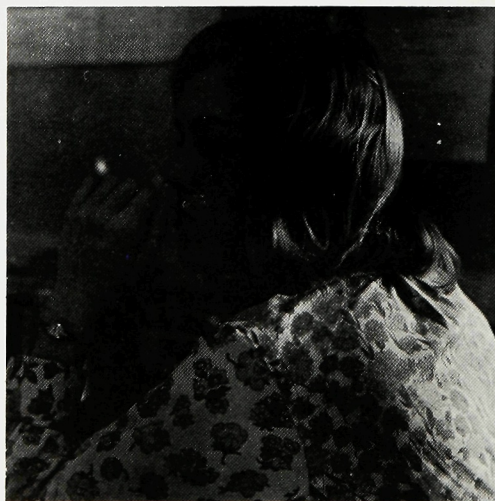


MARY BALLARD HOBART

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

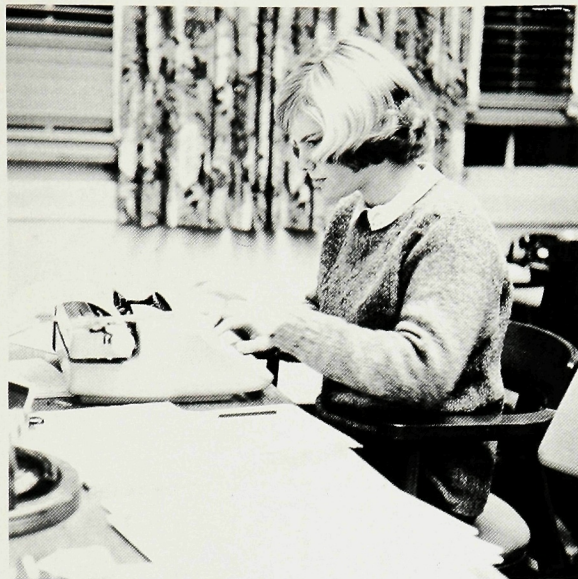
Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

A. A. Milne



"And when you can no longer dwell in the solitude of your heart, you live in your lips, and sound is a diversion and a pastime."

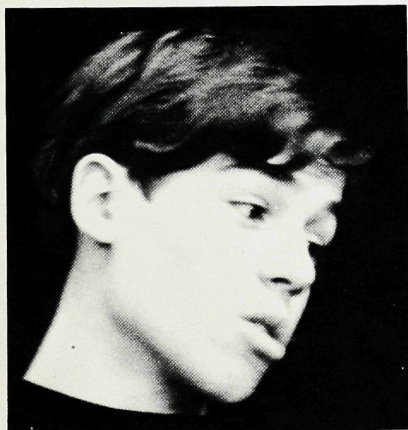
Kahlil Gibran



"I don't care about social functions—I can take 'em or leave 'em. As for my intellectual aspect, there is some! I like to be alone and read—what? Anything . . . Sometimes there are characters with bad qualities, parallel to one's self . . . but when it's in the book, one doesn't have to admit that he is like the character . . ."

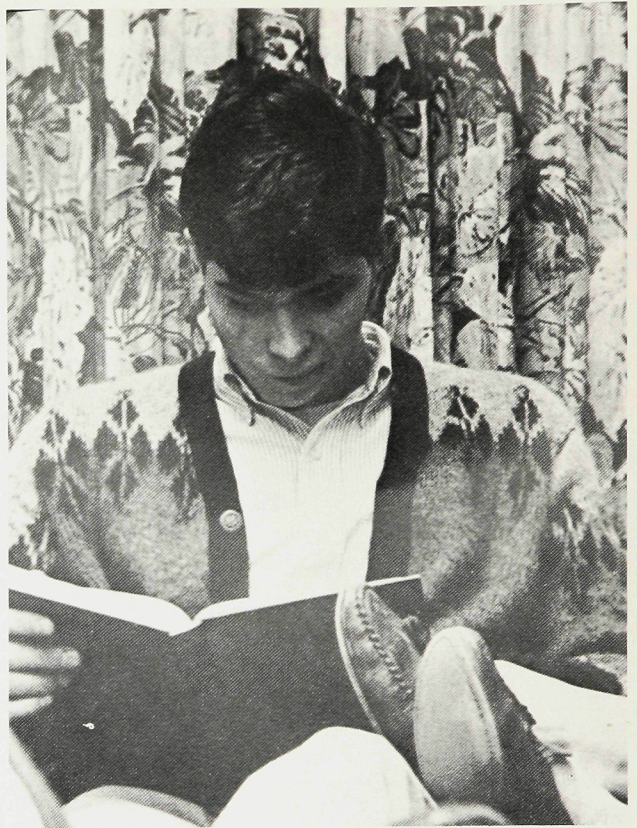
"Kay is easy to get along with . . . likes food. . . is responsible . . . sees good humor. . . a thoughtful friend."

JAMES PIERCE TUTHILL



The wind it is
It is free,
No home—like the sea.
You never see
The wind still!
On—it moves.
Like a vagabond
It never sees,
The low tide or—
The silent trees:
It only hopes.
At night
You hear it moan,
It wants to stay—
Is it torn?
For content it is not—
But still it—
Must go on:

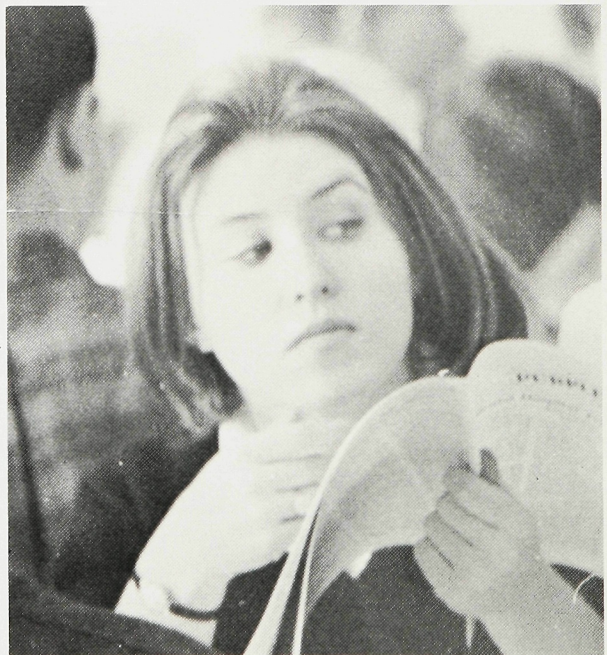




ELISABETH ROBERTSON RATCLIFFE

Do you fear the force of the word
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man.

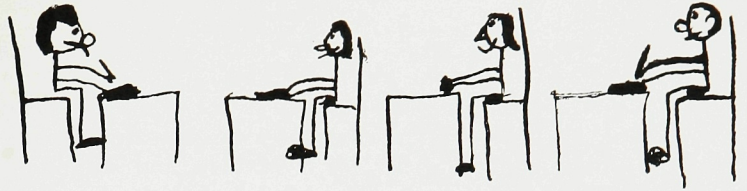
Hamlin Garland



I have become interested in people and have a greater desire to learn about things and accomplish more than just "hacking around." It would be exciting to live alone on an island or in an igloo and be independent, be away from the pressures of society, and be able to learn about people through books.

Everyone can't be serious all the time, or take only a philosophical status in society.

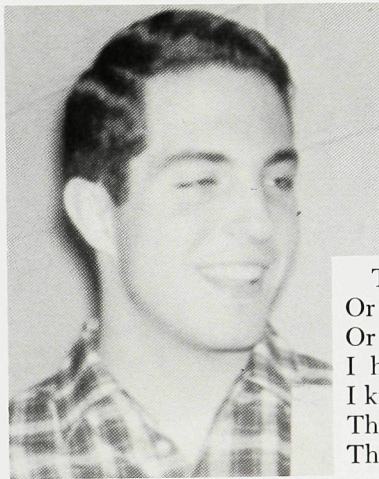
LESLEY HELEN MOORE



Despite her apparent looseness, sloppiness, and disorganization, Les is a combination of reason and an original sense of humor. Because of her naturalness and lack of pretention, she doesn't care what others think. She's just Les, with an expression all her own.



PETER CURTIS BOWES



The lot of man is ceaseless labour,
Or ceaseless idleness, which is still harder,
Or irregular labour, which is still harder,
I have trodden the winepress alone, and
I know
That it is hard to be really useful, resigning
The things that men count for happiness,
seeking
The good deeds that lead to obscurity, accepting
With equal face those that bring ignominy,
The applause of all or the love of none.
All men are ready to invest their money
But most expect dividends.
I say to you: make perfect your will.
I say: take no thought of the harvest,
But only of proper sowing.

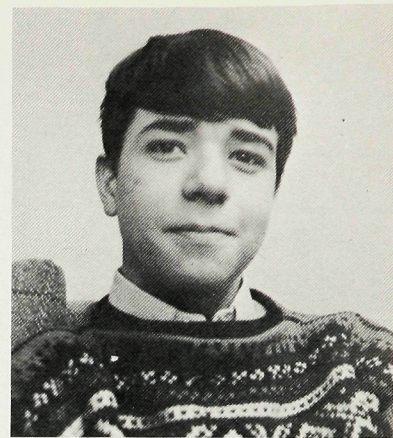
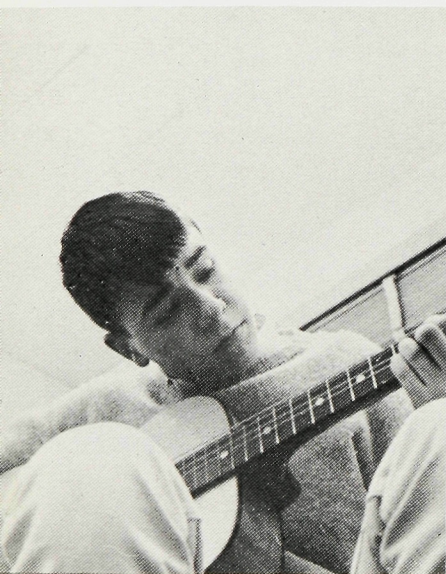
T. S. Eliot, "The Rock"

GARY FRANK PERKINS

Among a heap of crushed out cigarettes grew a skin-colored wart. The wart grew into a tumor and finally rolled out of the heap into the world. "I am determined," it said upon opening its eyes. "I am only a product of my environment." So it closed its eyes and waited to be acted upon.

And soon a wind came along and rolled the tumor along the ground. The tumor rolled through mud, over rocks, and down a hill; "Yipee!" cried the tumor in ecstasy. "I'm getting experience!" But to its dismay it saw at the bottom of the hill a heap of crushed out cigarettes.

Realizing its plight the tumor quickly grew arms and legs and dug into a crevice of the hill. The tumor found it could not go back up the hill. So it made the best of its fate by living; at least this was better than rolling down. And it could always take a happy pill if it was depressed.



ELLEN GARDNER HOWE

"She loves art and color and wind and line and likes to walk in the fall when it's fresh (like cold) but leafy and-just ace-and especially down by the lake when it's sort of grey, blue and smokey, but still clear."



A world of impressions; of myself, of people. And if I can't make use of them, or at least express them, it's sometimes worse than not being aware at all.

MARGARET LEVIS MORSE

Mix together equal parts of curiosity and enthusiasm.
To this add; reticence and reserve in quantity,
three sisters,
regular volunteer work at the mental hospital,
and ten years at the North Shore Country Day
School.
Flavor with a strong dash of conservative convictions.



Mix well and add a finely diced mixture of;
brown eyes and contact lenses,
long hair and basement parties,
a battered hockey stick,
a secret hankering for long, dangly earrings,
a real delight in a particular turquoise,
convertible chariot with four wheels.
Stir thoroughly and top with a tremendous yen for almost
anything European.

DANIEL S. PHILIPSBORN



Dan has spent his time at North Shore figuring out what Happiness is. Happiness is: out-scoring Craig at "kiddieball"; studying during vacations; motorbiking on the beach with Liza; taping the Opera; riding home with Mac; having an assignment done in advance; English Seminars; having something to do on Saturday nights; a job at the hospital; tournament dreams; Madame Brush; twelve years inventing follies at Gary's; reality in Math V; Graduation!

DAVID PARKER HOOKER

I wish I could build our (my) relations with Norway, but I'm afraid the cold war will never end. . . . I like the sunshine states and the West. . . . Girls can be real fun. . . . I believe people can live with more happiness and at less expense than they usually do. . . . Basketball is the enjoyment of being on the team and the crummy jokes we tell on the bus rides (the good jokes are told on the bench).

Boredom is my greatest enemy. . . .
Variety is truly the spice of life.

SARA ROZET FALL

"Sherry takes things seriously when it is called for, but always has room for a laugh."

"She has a natural and wise sincerity."

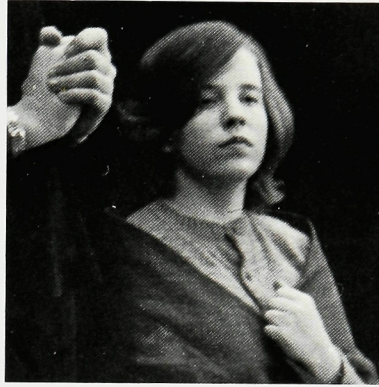
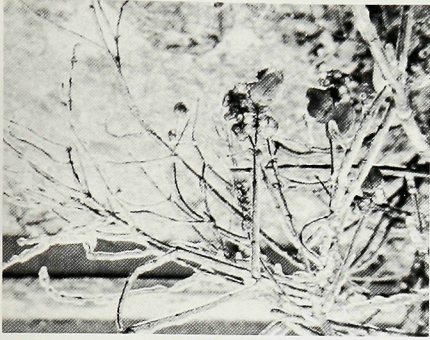
To remember
Is to hurt.

To hope-
Is to dream.

To forget-
Is to die.

MARGARET POLLACK LYNDE

The song goes through you, white snowblindness fills your eyes, the warm face really is beside you this time, the lies and blurs are flat and you lie among them on your stomach for warmth, it is a complex world of grass but there are bubbles in your blood and heat throbs your throat and you roll in the snow but are never cold.



JOHN STRAUB DARROW

It seems to me that this should be a place for memories rather than philosophies. What has made North Shore for me?

Operas, Ensemble, music in general has been important to me. Football, the Parker game, sports have developed me. These things and the others that are so much a part of the school are all important and worthy of being remembered. But talking in the homerooms, being able to play Piglet, having so much fun with the kindergarteners, and the atmosphere that allows and stimulates these and all other similar joys are the most important memories.





Legs slightly apart, one stares at the condensation on the chrome piping; or at the concrete wall; perhaps one glances at another. Their eyes avoid, but meet. Though acquaintances, each is unknown to the other.

Again each continues his vigil until an inevitable shudder reunites them.

PATRICIA WELLS KEEL



I am a mild mannered mother with babymonkey tendencies toward potential hysterics and good looking floors. I have been labeled "organized", but I fooled them all this year. I'm a pad-iddler. I envision myself as a liberal humanitarian rebel, but I'm having trouble rolling my well-rounded past off the cliff due to deep rooted legs.

Just give me some paint, a brush, music, books and Triscuits, stick me on a deserted isle and let me try on my own time.



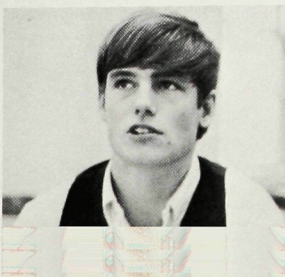
"To be or not to be, that is the kazorninplat?"

BARBARA GAIL FINCH

Barb's bouncy, giggly sense of humor can rarely be tamed, although in moments of moodiness she can worry everyone by her silence. Through all Barb's gaiety, her sensitive nature can sometimes be seen, and she puts all she's got into anything that means a lot to her. Although not so apparent, Barb is also a serious girl. A dancer and an artist at heart, Barb is fun-loving and just about always happy, usually spending her free time with the Junior Boys.



DAVID CLARKE TAYLOR



School is great, but it would be better if I could enter every morning in a '65 Vette and depart in one. Although I know I never will, they tell me I'm going to North Shore so that my children will be able to. I have always wondered what will happen to my classmates who do. What will **their** children drive? But that's not what's important, is it? After coming from a small town in western New York, spending my summers as a ski bum, all of this bit with the cars for sixteen-year-olds, indoor-outdoor swimming pools really gave me a jolt. But like any guy who has something like that put in front of him I enjoy it.

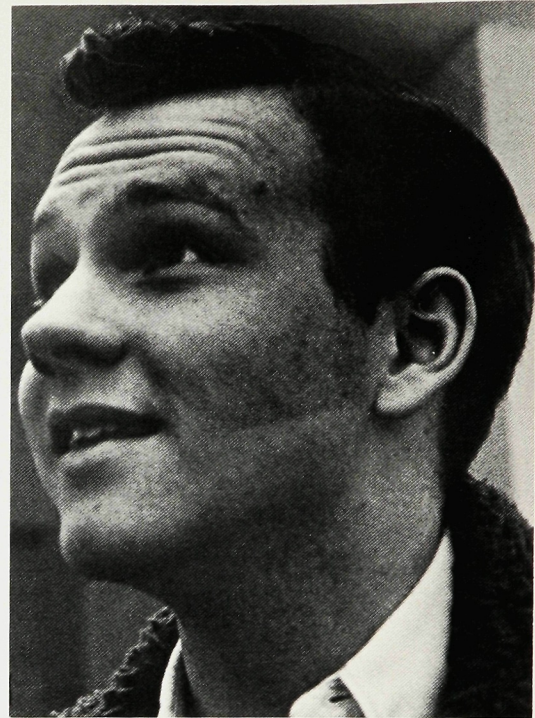
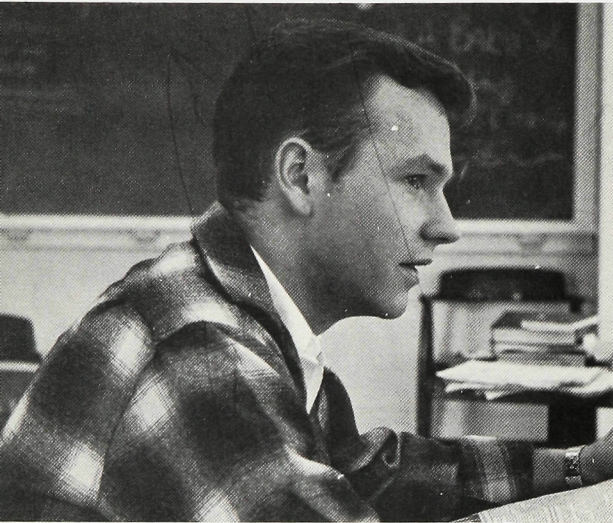
JOHN VICTOR BERGLUND

Outside of school I have mostly been seen in my red Sting Ray and with Bette (a New Trier girl).

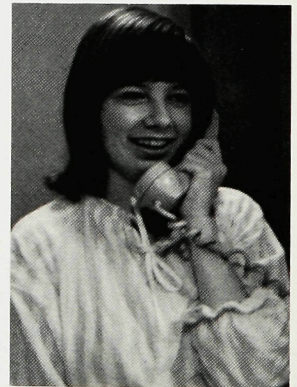
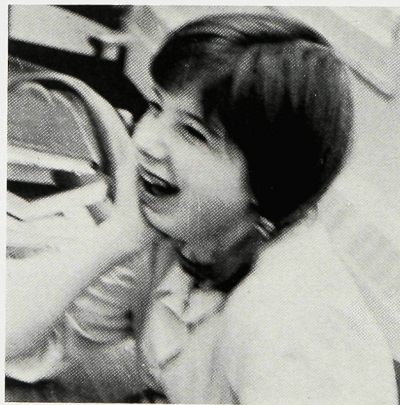
When asked what I like best about school I frankly answer, "Weekends and Vacations."

This is probably because I like parties and the drive-in. I have also had some good parties.

I think that we should come to school when we have classes and should be able to leave when we want to. I still don't understand why the girls go home at 3:30 on Friday and the boys have to stay until 4:30. I also feel Seniors should be able to smoke on campus and in classes.



LESLIE CLAIBORNE GRISWOLD



I'm not one to write profound intellectual statements.

I like people and want to help them whenever possible.

People around me are definitely important.

I have an Irish temper and am constantly trying to control it. Sometimes I can't.

I like to be happy but I'm not immune to depression.

"Hate Weeks" do occur!

I state my opinions and love to have small debates.

I do get flustered over responsibility.

I want to enjoy what is around me, academic and non-academic.

I laugh, maybe too much.

After fourteen years at North Shore I have certainly been influenced by faculty and traditions.



What if the bridge men built goes down,
 What if the torrent sweeps the town
 The hills are safe, the hills remain.
 And hills are happy in the rain
 If I can climb the hills and find
 A small square cottage to my mind,
 A loney but a cleanly house
 With shelves too bare to tempt a mouse
 Whatever years remain to me
 I shall live out in dignity.
 Sara Teasdale

THOMAS COURTNEY DIETZGEN

"An Autobiography of Leo Pudinski"

Someone in a deep, reverant voice is singing this tune during the half of a Bear-Greenbay football game in Chicago.

"I believe for every drop of rain that falls, a flower blooms; I believe for every bit of garbage burned, there is a stench; I believe . . . I believe . . ."

Suddenly a bell bursts out ringing.
 "Don't you have to be some place?"

I was sitting in the auditorium during a Morning Ex. It was Tableaux. I had a little kid on my knee that kept telling me that it was raining. I told her there was rumbling coming from backstage, and that she probably thought it was thunder. She said, "No. It's raining."

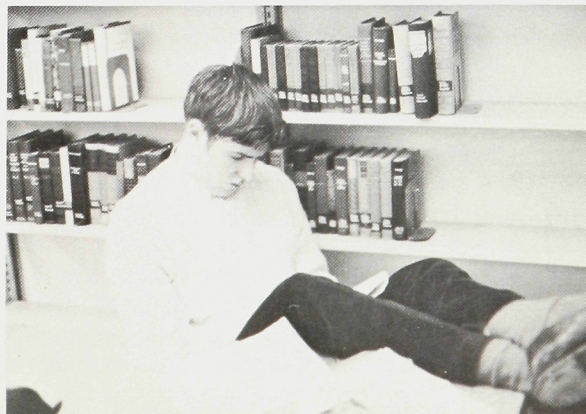
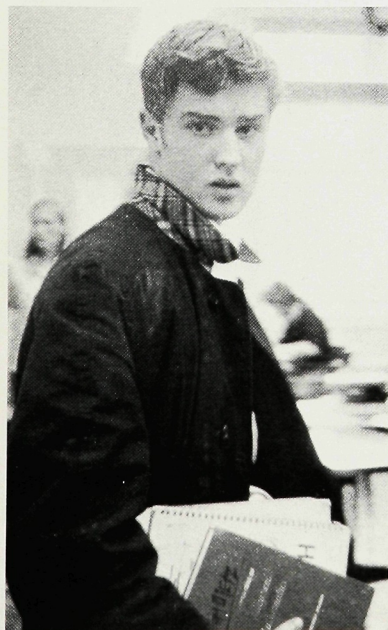
A girl is walking down the street at night. It has been coming down pretty hard. Her long, soft, brown hair is soaked. She tilts back her head, closes her eyes, and the tears of rain come streaking down her face. As a very faint quivering at first, the corners of her mouth spread slightly; very subtle; very unique; she smiles; she smiles.

Picking up her guitar, she starts down the street; again. She sings in a high, mellow voice, "Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day . . ."

"O.K."

"Thank you."

"That's quite all right, any-time . . . any way you want it."



ALISON FRENCH

In Junior kindergarten, I realized that I was different from my peers. Within my reach was power, power beyond my wildest dreams, mine by the mere chance that I was the Headmaster's daughter. Throughout my fourteen years at North Shore, I have gradually taken control of the school, and though my father is thought to run it, I am the power behind the throne, the master-mind behind his every move.

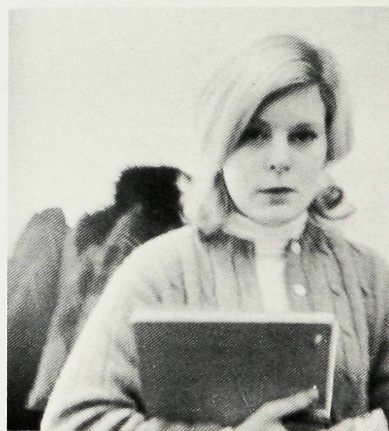
At times, my own classmates unknowingly increase my power, for example, by abolishing student council recently. My work is, of course, much easier when I have only my father to work through.

If you ever wondered why seniors don't have to go to study hall, you need wonder no more, it was my doing. It took a lot of foresight to establish

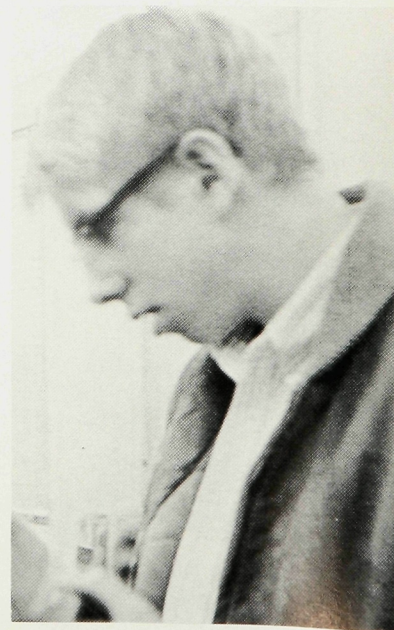
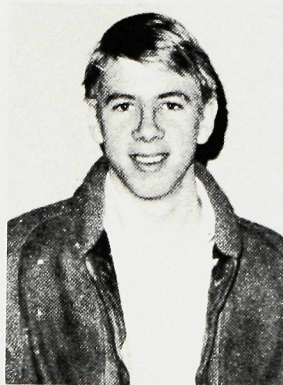
the privilege far enough in advance for me to reap the benefits my senior year.

I have to admit that I failed to see the implications of the new lunch room. It did not occur to me that senior priority in lunch line would be revoked until it was too late. All the work of establishing that tradition down the drain!

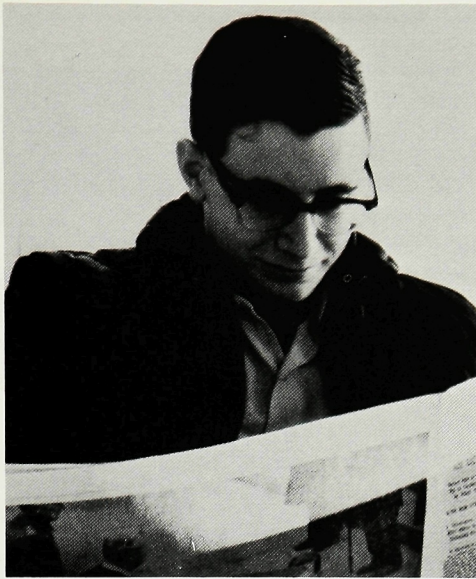
Of course, there are some drawbacks to my position. For years I have had to use my power over the teachers to make sure my grades were only average. If I had gotten the grades my true brilliance deserved, people might have suspected that it was I that was the real power behind the administration of the North Shore Country Day School.



WARREN CRAIG MISNER



Senior year, so far, has been great fun and a lot of work. As I look back on my years at North Shore, I see good years. But right now I'm looking forward to getting out on my own at college. As a freshman, the thought of being a senior was unreal, but now being a senior means only that I graduate this year. I used to dream of playing varsity basketball and baseball, but now they are just part of the routine. I have found school fun intellectually for the first time this year. I hope to play college basketball and baseball, and graduate.



Happiness is a thing called phone bills, but where the money comes from to pay them I'll never know!

Milwaukee has had great effects on me. Everyone knows what a great driver I am . . . If they live to tell about it. I have finally concluded that Lesley Gore will never compare to Kathy Idler. The most important question to affect me through high school was how to get to Washington, D. C.



DENISE ELIZABETH DURHAM



In college and in future years many doors will be waiting to be unlocked. All the doors are labeled but not all the labels are truthful. Some signs are very elaborate and tempting, claiming theirs is the easiest door to unlock and the easiest road, once inside. Others are plain, but truthful, not pretending to be easily opened but promising satisfaction, once inside. I hope I will not be fooled into taking the door with the elaborate sign and easy way just because I am too weak to choose the more difficult way.

LUCY SWIFT HADSALL

I grope with a tenacious tongue but
have no hands to grasp. I aspire with
hungry eyes but have no genius to
achieve. I endeavor with steadfast side-
winding but cannot reach my goal. I love
with covetous fangs but have no beauty
to be loved. I cannot realize my dreams
because I must shed momentary en-
couragement with my dead skin. I inch
my way through arid desert sands and
wither under God's merciless sun.

What am I?



NANCY MARQUETTE FLARSHEIM

"Night is my sister, and how deep in love,
How drowned in love and weedily washed
ashore,
There to be fretted by the drag and shove
At the tides edge I lie—these things and more:
Whose arm alone between me and the sand,
Whose voice alone, whose pitiful breath
brought near,
Could thaw these nostrils and unlock this
hand,
She could advise you, should you care to hear.
Small chance however in a storm so black,
A man will leave his friendly fire and snug
For a drowned woman's sake, and bring her
back
To drip and scatter shells upon the rug.
No one but Night, with tears on her dark face,
Watches beside me in this windy place.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay



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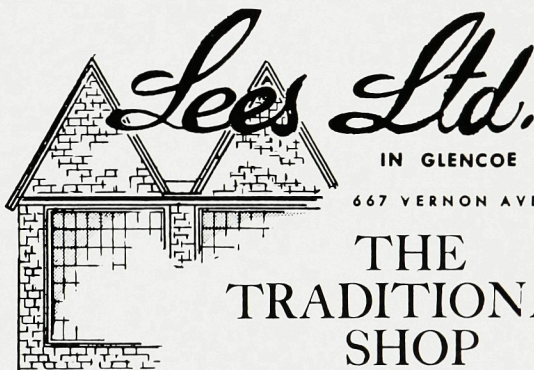
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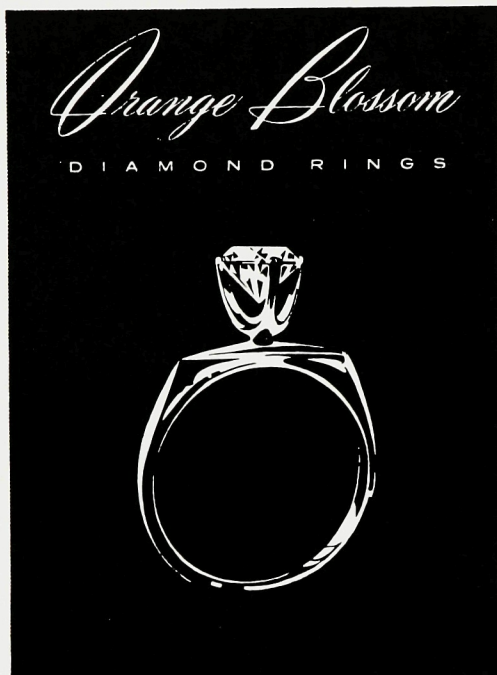
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2. Don't let your parents down, they brought you up.
3. Be humble enough to obey. You will be giving orders yourself some day.
4. At the first moment turn away from unclean thinking.
5. Don't show off when driving. If you want to race, go to Indianapolis.
6. Choose a date who would make a good mate.
7. Go to church faithfully. The Creator gives us a week. Give Him back at least an hour.
8. Choose your companions carefully. You are what they are.
9. Avoid following the crowd. Be an engine, not a caboose.
10. Keep the original Ten Commandments.

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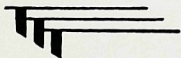
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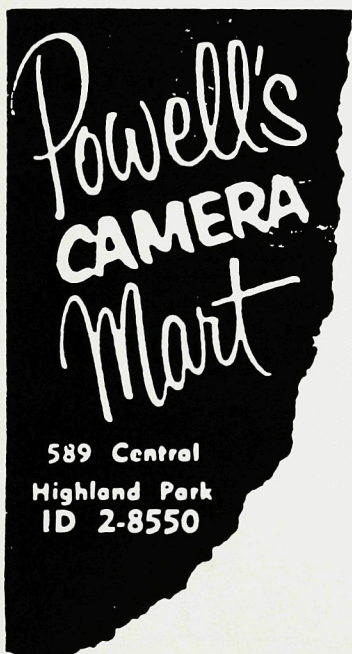
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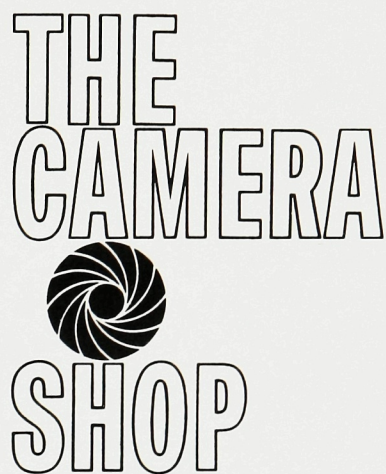
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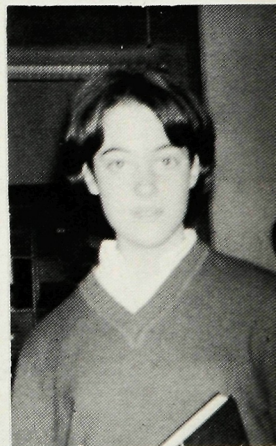
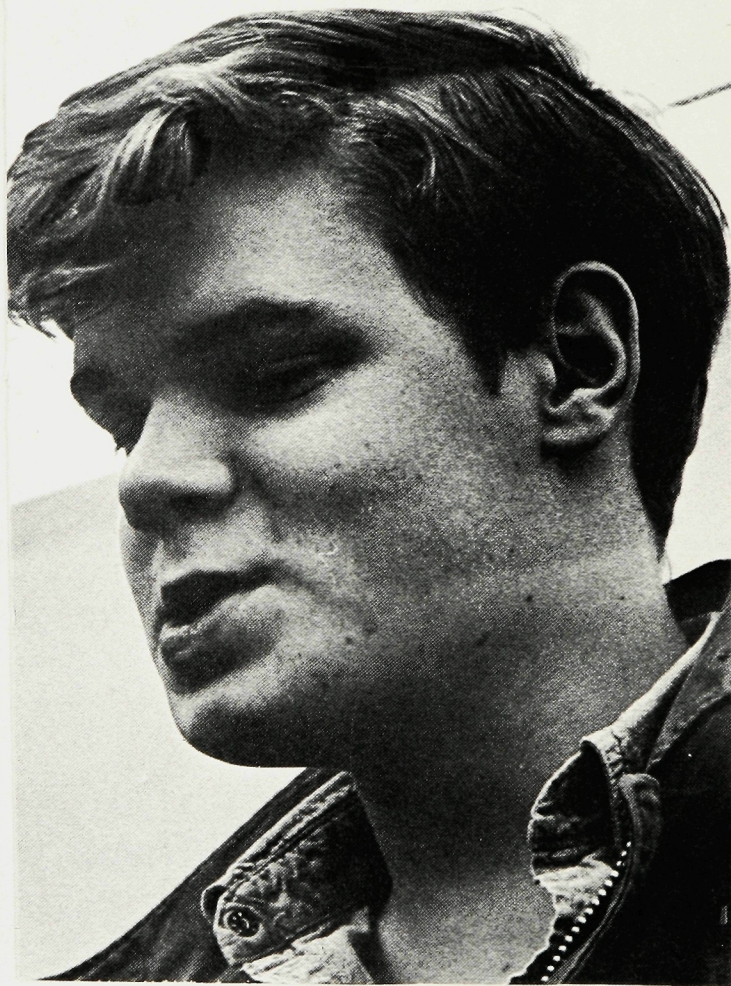
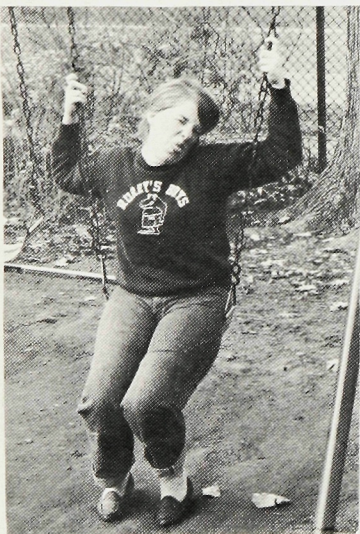
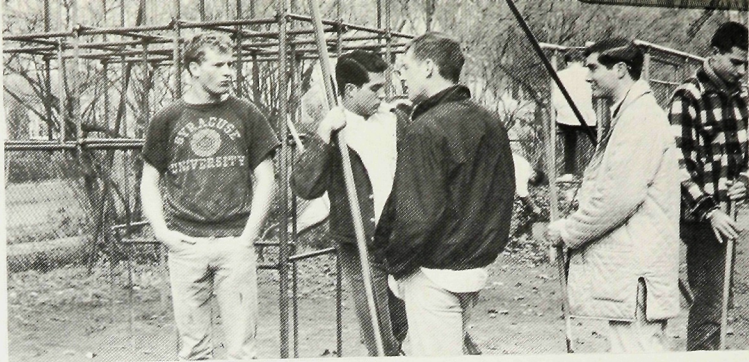
Young in Heart

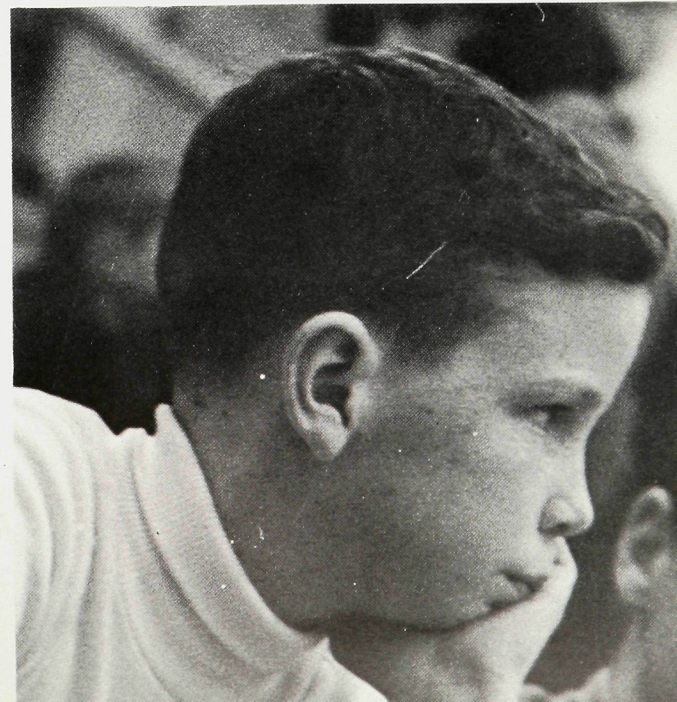
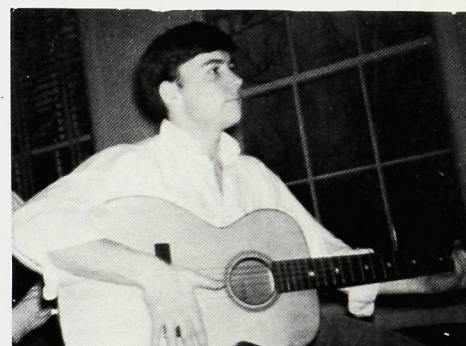
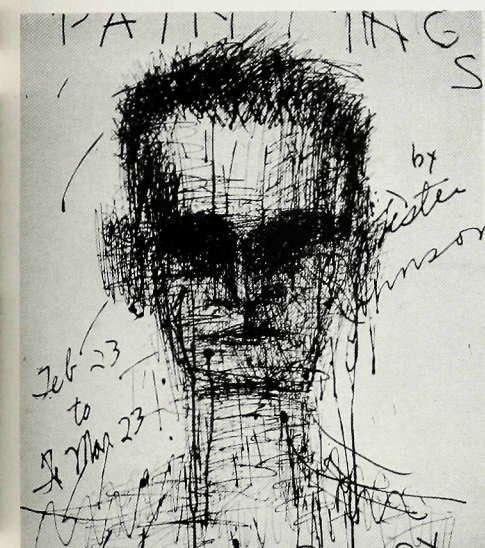
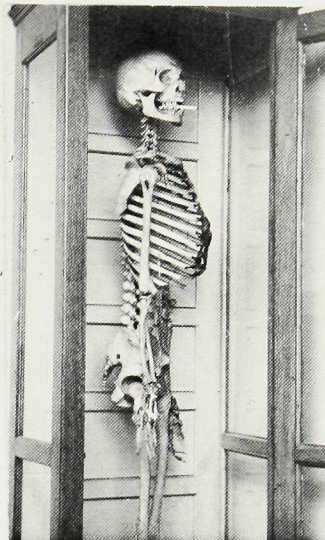
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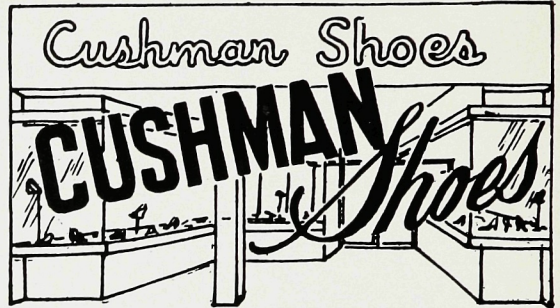
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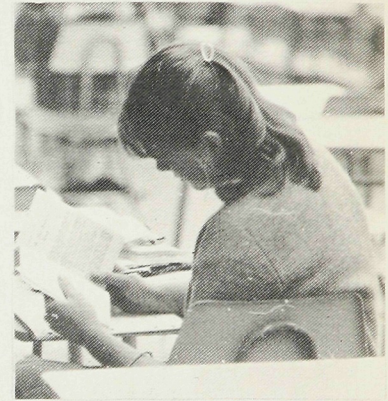
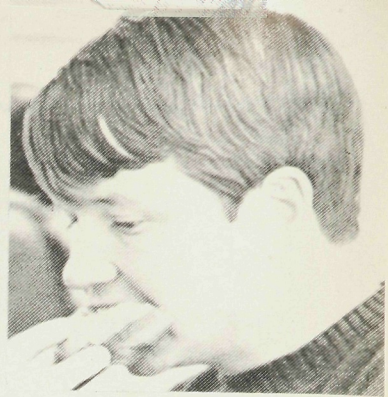
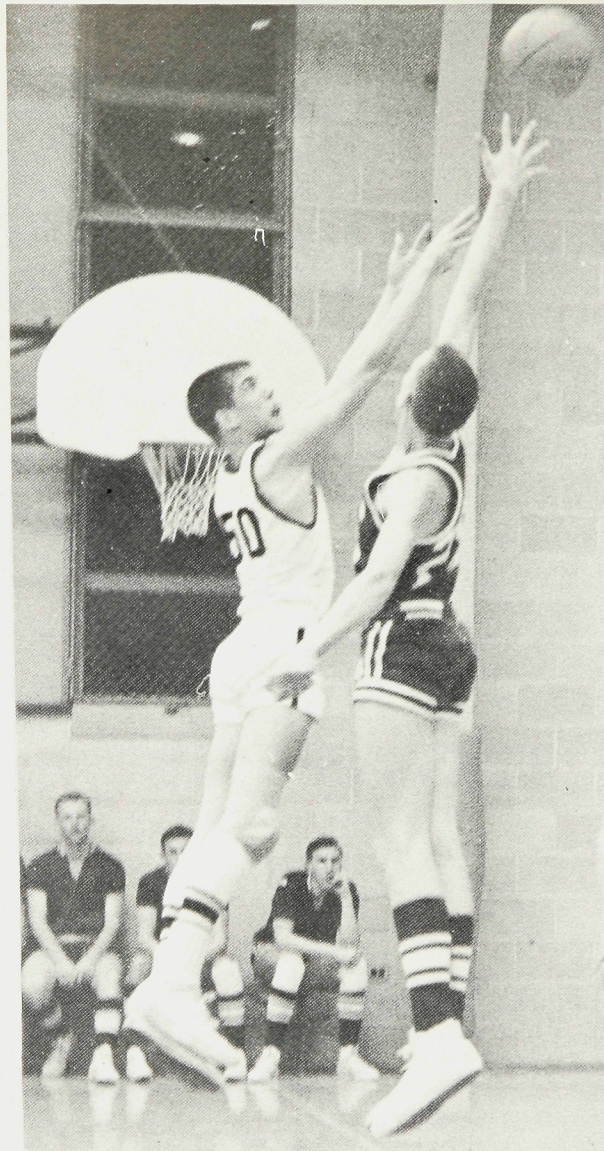
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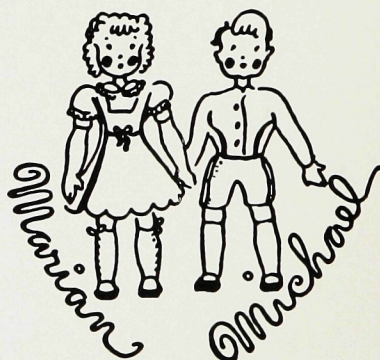
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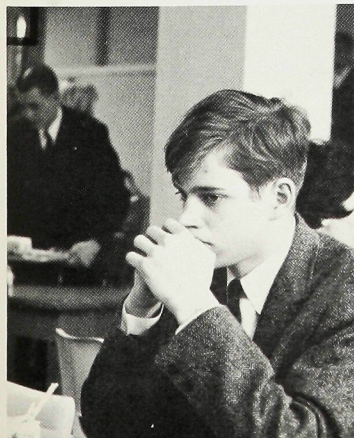
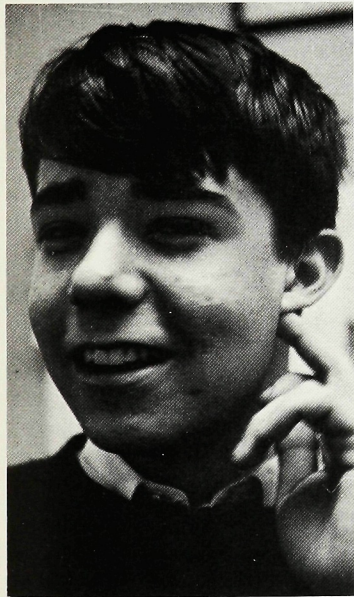
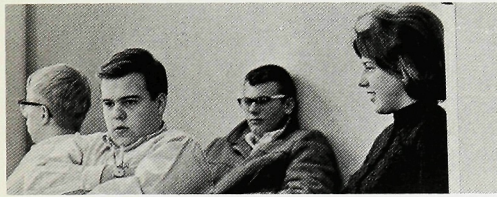
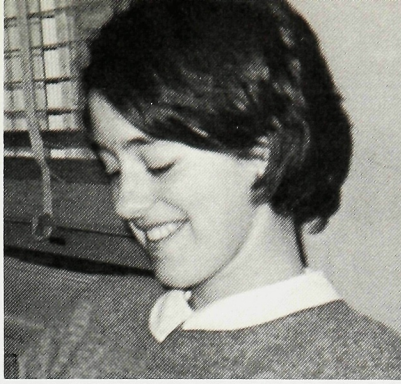
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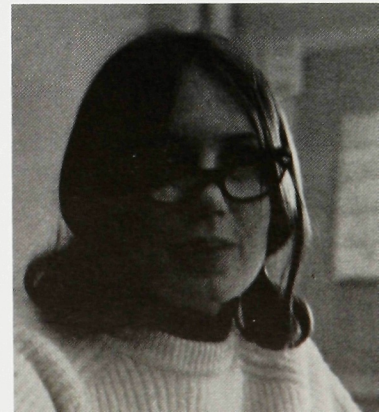
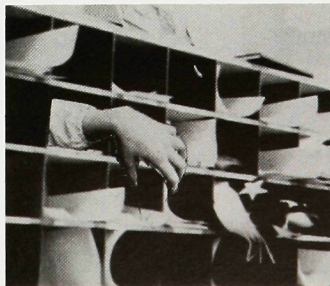
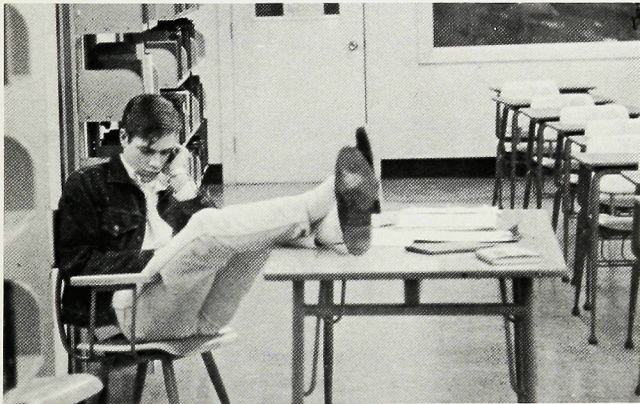
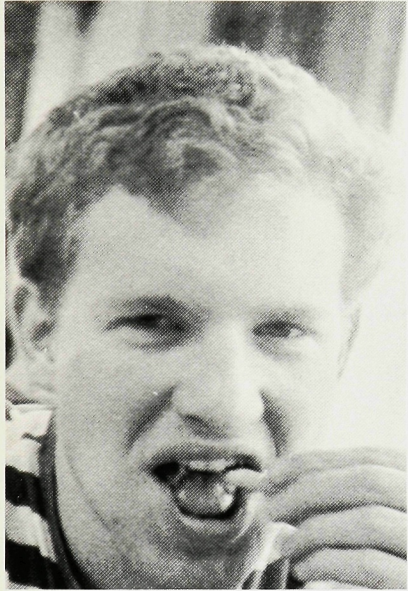
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